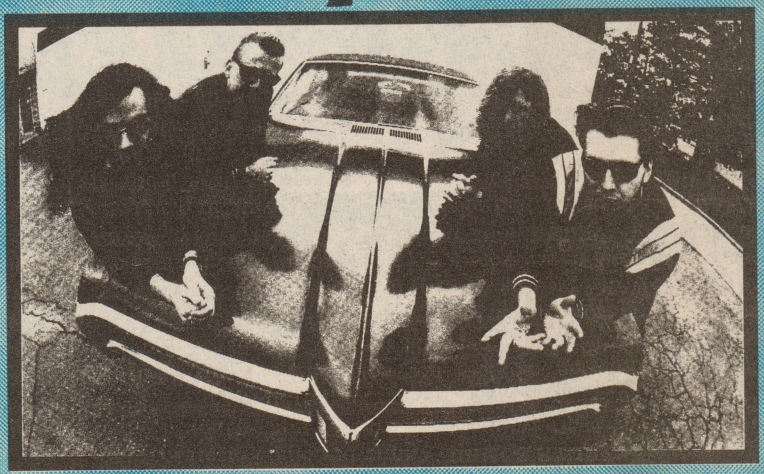
ETCH

magazine

vol.1 no.6 $0

IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE WITH SpeedBall



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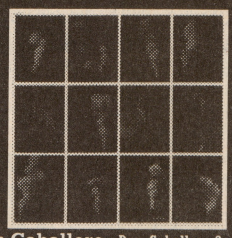

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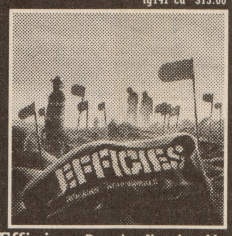

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Features:

The Information Super Lie Way

What's New in Detroit Area Radio?

Queen of the Scene!

On the cover:
SPEEDBALL
Layout by **Tom Deja**
Photo by **Robert Alford**

EDITOR'S RANT

Maybe I missed something somewhere, but I keep asking myself if I fell off the turnip wagon at some point in the last twelve and a half months. It seems the circus came to town on June 12, 1994, and the cheers and giggles have yet to stop. **Nicole Brown** and **Ronald Goldman** were brutally murdered, yet people continue to crack jokes at their expense. **Jay Leno** pops a **Kato** joke here, **Letterman** lets loose with an Ito gag there, **Marcia Clark** hair stories, **Johnnie Cochran**...ad nauseum. My biggest surprise is that people haven't started zinging one-liners about the way in which **Ms. Brown** and **Mr. Goldman** died. *"Hey, have you heard the one about* ***Nicole's*** *throat wound?"* Haw-haw-haw. Splattered in the tabloids and on tawdry TV chat fests, the deceased were reduced to props in a macabre soap opera beamed daily into our homes. Hell, even the major "news" outlets played along, somber-faced, while their ad revenue kept going up, up, up. Yep, it was a real American dream. **ABC**, **CBS**, **CNN**, **NBC**, ***Entertainment Tonight***, ***Inside Edition***, ***Geraldo***, ba-blah, ba-blah, ba-blah. Has murder become so prevalent in our society that we've become inured to the truth? Thousands are murdered in this country every year, thousands more are bumped-off in movies and television as well, **Stephen King** continues to crank out one formulaic piece of shit after another -- involving a few juicy slash-n-hacks -- and voila! Entertainment! When the real thing happens it's not a tragedy, but rather, another viewing choice. Who wants to watch ***General Hospital*** when the truly titillating stuff is on **CNN**, ***Court TV*** or the three networks? The line's become blurred. The deceased matter only as bit players (a la **Laura Palmer** in ***Twin Peaks***) to the unfolding dramas played out for our benefit. There is speculation that **Mr. Simpson** will have some sort of pay-per-view TV event to tell "his side of the story." What's next? Trading cards? A mini-series? An **Oliver Stone** movie? Although I didn't follow the case directly, I did watch parts of the trial and for that I am ashamed, because I too, by watching, have given my tacit approval of truly reprehensible behavior: murder and its exploitation. Until next time...

NORMAN ZEBROWSKI

ETCH magazine

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As always, here's your two-cents worth:

Dear Mr. Zebrowski,

I continue to decline your plea for advertisements and promotional material for two simple reasons.

1. I realize that Etch magazine is a free publication, however we are not able to afford the $50 per month it would cost us to run an ad in Etch when a comparable ad in a legitimate zine is half that.

2. I am aware of a personality clash between some people on your staff and members of DAY TWENTY-EIGHT. Something about them not wanting to do a record for somebody's label. Isn't it strange that someone at Etch would want to do a record with a band that Etch has something bad to say about in every issue? Why would I submit DAY TWENTY-EIGHT'S CD for review when I know some people at Etch have personal agenda's? Why would I subject any of our releases to that? Greg Martens has given a couple of our releases favorable reviews through Etch in the past; but I'm sure that they were of Greg's free will and personal record collection. I can respect healthy criticism of one of our bands but what I get from Etch is nothing more than vacant slander. All I expect when sending promo's is that our bands be listened to fairly and objectively, Etch magazine promises neither. As far as I'm concerned, one person's reproach has turned an otherwise worthwhile publication into a fraud.

KEEP YOUR POLITICS OUT OF OUR MUSIC!

Sincerely,
John Paul Smerek
Youth Rendition

Dear Mr. Smerek,

1. You must not have read the ad rate sheet we sent to YOUTH RENDITION (as well as every label we've come in contact with). If you look towards the bottom it clearly states: "All prices are negotiable." *Not only that, there are five different prices for different ad sizes under the $50 amount you've cited. We realize how tough indie labels have it and we are willing to work with them to achieve a satisfactory working relationship. We want to help as many bands, labels, etc. as we can, that's why we review everything people send us. It may take a while, but we do. How many "legitimate zines" can say that. And speaking of "legitimate zines," are you inferring that we are not a "legitimate zine" because we are free? Or is it because our writers are not afraid to criticize bands, zines, records, et al unlike most of the other "legitimate zines" that are on the market today? Please, sir, clarify what exactly a "legitimate zine" is so we can get back onto the path of zine correctness from which we've obviously strayed.*

2. I can say unequivocally that no one on our staff has a personality clash with the members of DAY TWENTY-EIGHT, unless of course healthy criticism is now considered a personality clash, if so then I guess we're guilty. One of our writers after a DAY TWENTY-EIGHT show, went up to the band, told them he was from ETCH, asked to buy a CD from them and was turned down even after he told them he thought they were okay and would give them a fair review. To think that our staff has it "in" for DAY TWENTY-EIGHT is absurd. To claim that we criticized them because they turned down a record deal is amusing to say the least. Neither Ken Knott (the publisher) nor myself ever knew of any such deal or that anyone associated with ETCH offered them a deal, much less that DAY TWENTY-EIGHT turned them down. To claim that someone's personal or political agenda has skewed the magazine's attitude towards any particular band is also ridiculous. We never tell our writers what to write, only that they be honest in their reporting. Regular readers of the magazine know that certain writers have certain biases towards particular genres and they concentrate on those genres (i.e. D. Wood handles most of the metal reviews, Bryan Ramirez the folk, etc.) in order to be even fairer to the bands, then if the reviews were done purely by happenstance. I'm glad that you think Greg Martens is an excellent writer, although to think that his reviews are not in-synch with the magazine's because of his free will smacks of Big Brother scenarios too mind boggling to comprehend. Finally, you say that you won't send us promo material because we can't or won't be fair and objective. Funny, but isn't characterizing our magazine as a fraud because of some of our writers' reviews, unfair and subjective? You want fairness and objectivity, yet you've shut us out without giving us the benefit of the doubt. You can't have things both ways, Mr. Smerek. Life doesn't work that way. If you or DAY TWENTY-EIGHT cannot handle criticism, then (as I've often said in the past) get out of the entertainment business. It is OUR music too!

Norman Zebrowski

COURTNEY RANT

You don't need me to tell you that **Courtney Love** is a moron. You don't need me to point out that by hating her you only make her stronger and happier.

But still I'm compelled to figure out **why** I hate her, why just hearing a **HOLE** song makes me glow with fury and want to pull the car over to the shoulder and tear weeds from the ground. I've never even met this woman! I'm not a violent person. I haven't been in a fight since elementary school (and even then I usually cried or ran), yet I want to hurt her.

I think it's because she doesn't play fair, and yet continues to win. Clue-free rock critics rave. Alterna-teens sport **HOLE** shirts. She was allowed to live through the entire **Lollapalooza** tour. But she represents things that would ordinarily make me laugh, if not cheer.

She's a rock chick who is not pretty or sexy, but rather disgusting. She's mean to fans, and beats up other musicians. She does offensive things on purpose. She's a woman in complete control of being out of control.

I wonder if the success she's having isn't due to the tragedy she caused, if not planned. I wonder if she even knows what privileges she's thrown away like **Frances Farmer's** satin gown. I wonder if she cares that every time she sucker punches a rival or overdoses on whatever, someone makes a dollar.

And yeah, it does make me mad. Go ahead and kill yourself, too, **Courtney**. See if I care.

Elizabeth R. Barney

Look, personally I could care less what label a record is on, OK? If I like the band I'll buy the LP. That said, I really have to tip my hat to ***MRR***, **Tim Yo,** and his personal attack dog **Ben Weasel**, on one of the most amazing acts of hypocrisy I've ever witnessed. When you consider the sheer volume of people, bands, agents, 'zines, labels and companies these 2 self-appointed paragons of indie virtue have attacked in print these last few years, only to have **Ben** go out and do the very thing all those people were accused of doing, well, it's just too amazing. I guess the new rule @ ***MRR*** is it's bad to "sell out" but if you do and you're **Tim's** special buddy, he'll put you on the cover. Anybody want to bet 5 bucks not a word on this matter ever gets printed in ***MRR***? 3 bucks? 2? Your mama?

You know that "major label" 40 page reissue ***MRR*** has been peddling lately? Looks like they stuck their gun in the wrong end.

John Crawford

1995 READER'S POLL

Well gang, our first year is rapidly coming to a close and we need your help in figuring out how we're doing, as well as determining what to scrap, etc. All you have to do is answer the questions below, mail this to us and wait for the results in **ETCH #8**. It's that simple!

AGE: _____ SEX: _____ OCCUPATION: _____ EDUCATION: _____ FAVORITE MUSIC: _____ FAVORITE NATIONAL BAND: _____ FAVORITE MICHIGAN BAND: _____ 1995's BEST BAND: _____ 1995's WORST BAND: _____ 1995's BIGGEST SURPRISE: _____ 1995's BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT: _____ RECORD OF THE YEAR: _____ SONG OF THE YEAR: _____ MICHIGAN'S BEST: _____ MICHIGAN'S WORST: _____ MOVIE OF THE YEAR: _____ BOOK OF THE YEAR: _____ TV SHOW OF THE YEAR: _____ CONCERT OF THE YEAR: _____ FAVORITE CLUB: _____ WORST CLUB: _____ BEST MICHIGAN PERSONALITY: _____ WORST MICHIGAN PERSONALITY: _____ BEST PLACE TO SEE A SHOW: _____ WORST PLACE TO SEE A SHOW: _____ BEST CITY: _____ WORST CITY: _____ PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO NEEDS A KICK IN THE PANTS: _____ WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MORE (OR LESS) OF IN ETCH: _____

Well, there you have it. Just clip it out and mail it to: **ETCH Magazine**
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SpeedBall

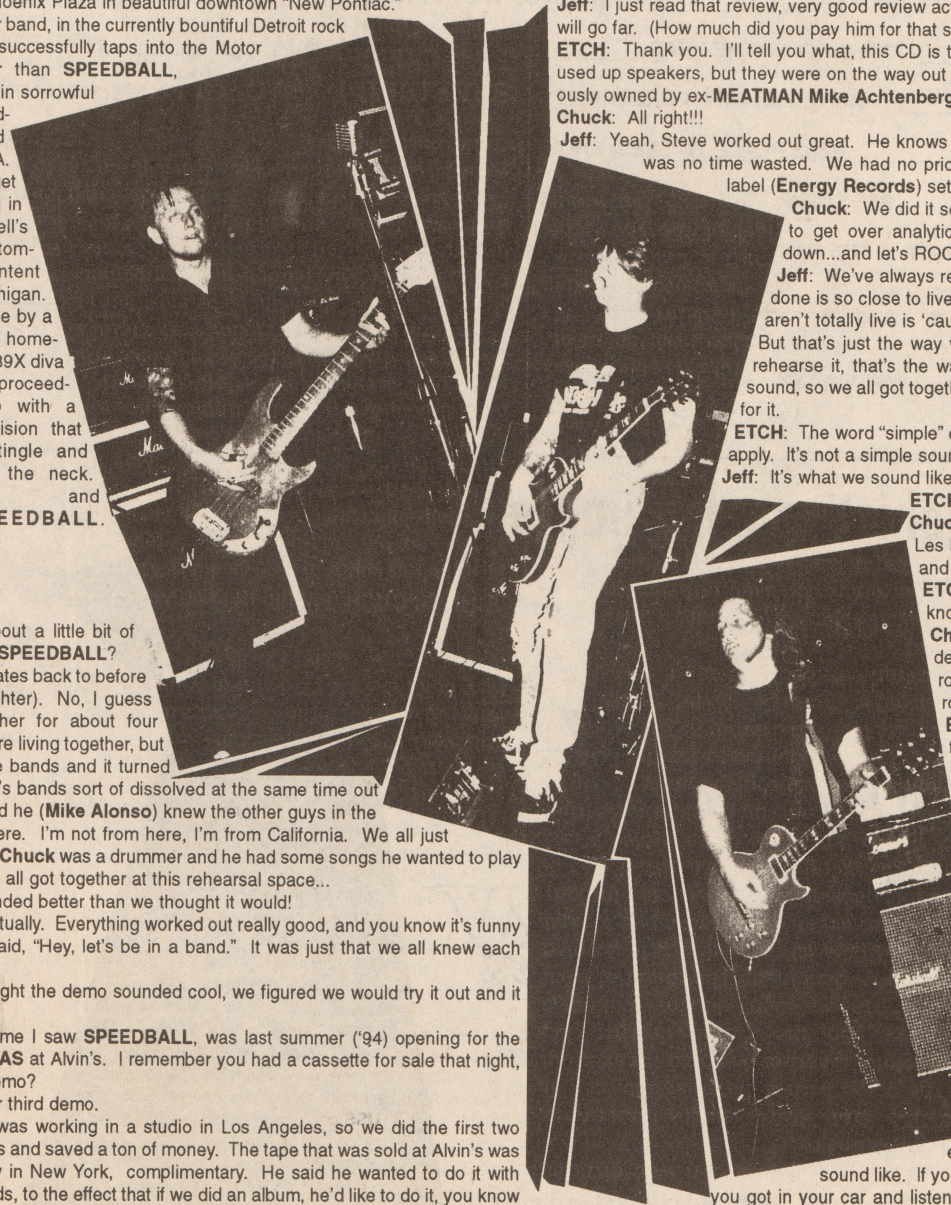
DO UNTO OTHERS...

Hopefully by now all you smarter **ETCH** readers are nice and familiar with *Do Unto Others, Then Split,* the debut CD by Detroit volume masters **SPEEDBALL** (**Chuck Burns**: guitar, vocals; **Jeff King**: bass, vocals; **Bill Kozy**: guitar; Mike Alonso: drums). If you're not, here's the chance to not look like the putz you really are. Go out right now, buy it, throw it in and crank the thing. The rest of us will wait for you.

Recently, **Mike Mazzola**, **ETCH** photographer Julie Moyer and I had the distinct pleasure of sittin' down for a lil' chat with the fellas, before they took the stage at the 89X Fest at the Phoenix Plaza in beautiful downtown "New Pontiac."

There is no other band, in the currently bountiful Detroit rock scene, that more successfully taps into the Motor City sound better than **SPEEDBALL**, and you would be in sorrowful shape if they decided to pack it up and head back to LA. But don't worry. I get a real solid feeling in the pit o' my Bell's Solsun trained stomach they're content right here in Michigan. They took the stage by a storm, after a nice hometown welcome by 89X diva **Kelly Brown**, and proceeded to fire it up with a machine-like precision that made yer toes tingle and slapped you on the neck. Ladies and Gentlemen, **SPEEDBALL**.

—D. Wood—



ETCH: So how about a little bit of the history behind **SPEEDBALL**?

Jeff: Ooo boy. It dates back to before the Civil War (laughter). No, I guess we've been together for about four years now. We were living together, but playing in separate bands and it turned out that everybody's bands sort of dissolved at the same time out in Los Angeles, and he (**Mike Alonso**) knew the other guys in the band from living here. I'm not from here, I'm from California. We all just kinda got together, **Chuck** was a drummer and he had some songs he wanted to play and sing on, so we all got together at this rehearsal space...

Mike: ...and it sounded better than we thought it would!

Jeff: A lot better actually. Everything worked out really good, and you know it's funny 'cause we never said, "Hey, let's be in a band." It was just that we all knew each other...

Mike: And we thought the demo sounded cool, we figured we would try it out and it sounded great.

ETCH: The first time I saw **SPEEDBALL**, was last summer ('94) opening for the **LAUGHING HYENAS** at Alvin's. I remember you had a cassette for sale that night, is that the same demo?

Mike: That was our third demo.

Jeff: **Bill** (**Kozy**) was working in a studio in Los Angeles, so we did the first two demos by ourselves and saved a ton of money. The tape that was sold at Alvin's was done by somebody in New York, complimentary. He said he wanted to do it with some kind of regards, to the effect that if we did an album, he'd like to do it, you know at least consider him. And we did consider him and it's a shame that it didn't work out, but...

Mike: Timing...the whole thing.

ETCH: So what songs were on that tape?

Jeff: Some of the songs on *Do Unto Others, Then Split*, but not all of them. *Hog* was on that tape, *Drive Like Hell*, we actually recorded four more songs that aren't on the LP. They didn't get put on.

ETCH: So there are other tracks out there that we don't know about?

Jeff: There are four unreleased tracks that we might consider using on the next album, or as B-sides. Who knows?

ETCH: The guy that produced the CD, **Steve Thompson**, is obviously very tuned in to the **SPEEDBALL** sound. In my review, I mentioned that the CD is geared towards maximum volume.

Jeff: I just read that review, very good review actually. You're a talented man. You will go far. (How much did you pay him for that shmooze, Doogie? ed.)

ETCH: Thank you. I'll tell you what, this CD is the one that finally blew out my old used up speakers, but they were on the way out anyway (the same speakers previously owned by ex-**MEATMAN Mike Achtenberg**).

Chuck: All right!!!

Jeff: Yeah, Steve worked out great. He knows what he's talking about, (so) there was no time wasted. We had no prior relationship with him, the record label (**Energy Records**) set it up. We went down there...

Chuck: We did it so quick we didn't have time for him to get over analytical. It was...get the tones, get it down...and let's ROCK!!!

Jeff: We've always recorded live, everything we've ever done is so close to live. The only reason the other things aren't totally live is 'cause **Bill** had to do the engineering. But that's just the way we like to do it, that's the way we rehearse it, that's the way we play it. That's the way we sound, so we all got together in the same room and just went for it.

ETCH: The word "simple" comes to mind, but it really doesn't apply. It's not a simple sound, it's a straight forward sound.

Jeff: It's what we sound like.

ETCH: Fist in the face...

Chuck: It's just rock and roll. Drums, Les Pauls, Marshall stacks. Basic rock and roll.

ETCH: Marshall's with the volume knobs broken off at 10.

Chuck: Yeah, yeah. There's no hidden messages. We just wanted to rock and we wanted our record to rock as well.

ETCH: I think you've achieved that.

Jeff: The bands we listen to...that's what they do. It's like, gimmicky and stuff like that, is good for some people. A lot of people like goof rock, you know you gotta have some gimmick. There's nothing wrong with that, but that's just not us.

Bill: But there's room for everything.

ETCH (**JM**): I think it's nice to know that what you hear live is what you'll hear on the CD. So many bands aren't that way.

Chuck: Yeah, that's exactly the way we wanted it to be. I wanted our record to sound like. If you came to see us live, (then) when you got in your car and listened to the CD on the way home it would sound the same, but louder.

Jeff: We think our strong suit is playing.

Mike: We sound better live, I think.

Bill: Yeah!

ETCH (**MM**): Who are some of the local bands you guys like?

Chuck: Well we've always gotten along really well with **HOARSE**, **DADDY STITCH**, there's a band out of Mt. Pleasant called **WORKHORSE** I think fuckin' rules.

Jeff: There's a lot of good bands in Detroit...**BIG BLOCK**, **FOREHEAD STEW**...

Chuck: All the Rustbelt bands.

Jeff: **WALK ON WATER**...there's a ton of good bands.

Chuck: I think the scene in Detroit is stronger than it's ever been.

Jeff: It's a lot stronger than where we were in Los Angeles, I'll tell you that.

Chuck: No question.

ETCH: What are some of the differences between the LA club scene and Detroit that make this area more conducive to your overall sound and success?

Chuck: In LA you're a commodity right off the bat, it's how you're treated. The bars, (on) most of the bills, (have) like six or seven bands...you get 20 minutes to get up there and do it. You never make any money, if you get any kind of buzz at all you're under a microscope, because a lot of the labels are already there, and it's really hard to get signed in LA because a lot of the labels won't look at a band that's from out of town because most of them are trend followers. That and the cost of living and everything else, it's just, you know, we all got tired of living in LA. We all got to the point where we wanted to relocate, three of us are from Detroit...it's cheaper to live here, it's home, there's muscle cars abound.

Bill: No doubt!

ETCH: I don't think there's any other band in Detroit right now that encompasses what might be called the "Detroit Sound" better than you guys.

Jeff: Well the thing is, none of us are spring chickens, I mean we're all 24 here (much laughter), and we aren't influenced by the bands that people who are 23 or 24 are influenced by. We had a lot of earlier influences.

ETCH: What are some of the crucial **SPEEDBALL** influence?

Chuck: When we put the band together we were kind going for a **MOTORHEAD** meets **SOCIAL DISTORTION** kinda meets **HELMET** meets the **BUZZCOCKS**, **SHAM 69** meets, like, the **SMITHEREENS**. We've got a lot of punk influences and a lot of metal influences, you know what I mean? I even thought one time like **FOGHAT** meets **HELMET**, we're really into 70's rock, shit like that, you know?

Jeff: No band ever influenced me like **SOCIAL DISTORTION**. When I was a kid living in DC at the time, listening to nothing but punk...

Chuck: When I was living in Hollywood I played in a band with **Riki Rachtman** and **John** the bass player for **SOCIAL DISTORTION**.

ETCH: Ah, let's talk about that!!! What happened to **Ricki**?

Chuck: Next!!! **Ricki Rachtman** is a good egg, babe. **Ricki** gave us our first show in Hollywood at the **Cat Club**. He's a straight-up good Joe in my book.

Jeff: It's like a puppet. Those people on TV have a log and if they don't follow it they lose their jobs.

ETCH: I for one miss *Headbanger's Ball*.

Chuck: Well, the *Headbanger's Ball* was a good outlet for a lot of bands that wouldn't normally get their videos played. You would see like (the) **MELVINS**, **TAD**, **L7** and stuff like that. Now there is no outlet for bands like that now, beside *Beavis & Butthead*.

Jeff: Not on MTV anyway

ETCH: Now that we're talking videos...

Chuck: We're shooting one today. We got a little bit of a video budget, so we're gonna shoot a video for *Hog*. We just wanna get some crowd shots since there's so many people here, even though I don't think they're here to see us.

Jeff: Yeah they are!!! I set up the guest list myself. I took roll a little earlier - I know who's here.

ETCH: I think there are lot more people here to see you than you think. Regarding the video, will there be concept stuff to go along with the crowd shots...some shots of hot rods, etc.

Jeff: It's not all laid out yet, nothing's been storyboarded, but we have some ideas. When I watch videos I like to see the band. I don't like to see a girl in a tutu dancing around playing with beads. We like live shots, I want to see what the band looks like, I want to see how they react, what they look like when they play.

Chuck: Kind like a little bit of a live thing mixed in with...like a 60's biker kind of thing, you know *In Concert* meets like *The Hell's Angels 69* kind of thing.

ETCH: Here in Detroit and in Lansing, the song *Hog* is getting some pretty serious airplay, as I'm sure it is everywhere else. Was that the way it was planned?

Chuck: Sort of.

Jeff: We let the record company take care of the record company stuff. We took care of the album. Those are our ideas, our cover.

Chuck: We just gave 'em the songs and said, "You pick the hit single."

Jeff: I don't know the record business, I don't know what to push where or who to call.

ETCH: I had the CD a few weeks before it came out and listened to it a lot and thought *All Eyes Are Watching* would be the first track to break out. I thought it would be the first single, too.

Chuck: That was the song that **Steve Thompson** thought would be the first single too.

Jeff: Everybody that listens to it has a different take, "That song should be the one," you know? Ask my Mom, she's got an opinion.

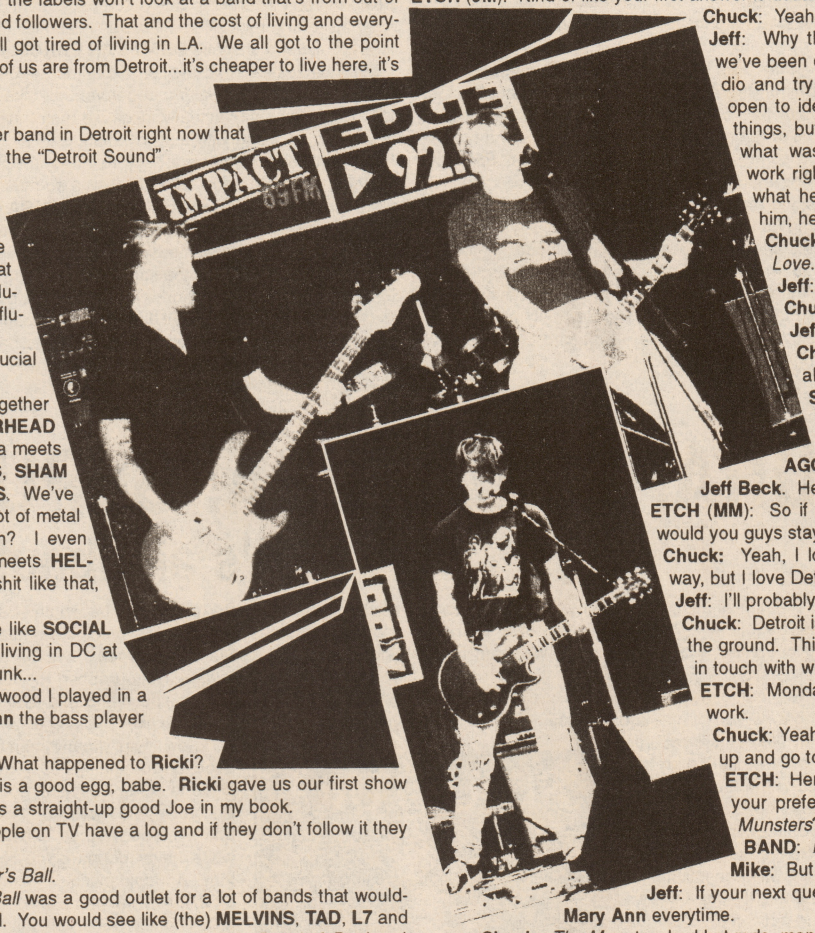
ETCH (MM): There's not a single weak track on there.

Jeff: There were 14 tracks that we recorded. They only wanted to pay mechanicals on 10, so we stayed out of it.

ETCH (JM): How was the record company in terms of your artistic freedom?

Chuck: They didn't care. They like us and they didn't want to change us or anything like that. They just stuck us in the with **Steve** and, like I said before, we didn't have a whole lot of time to get overanalytical with it. All we had time for was to get good tones. That was what **Steve** was there for and we did the rest.

ETCH (JM): Kind of like your first answer is usually the best.



Chuck: Yeah exactly.

Jeff: Why think about it much? This is what we've been doing for years. Why go into a studio and try and do this and that? We were open to ideas and we even tried a couple of things, but he knew even more than we did what was gonna work and what wouldn't work right off the bat. He's a pro - this is what he does. And we didn't argue with him, he'd say, "I don't think so."

Chuck: I mean...the guy mixed *Loud Love*.

Jeff: He did **METALLICA**.

Chuck: He did **GUNS-N-ROSES'**...

Jeff: ...*Appetite for Destruction*.

Chuck: He did the new **CLUTCH** album, the new **BUTTHOLE SURFERS**.

Bill: **BLUES TRAVELER**.

Chuck: He did the new **LIFE OF AGONY** record, he's done like **Bowie**, **Jeff Beck**. He really knows his stuff.

ETCH (MM): So if the record get really big nationally, would you guys stay in Detroit?

Chuck: Yeah, I love Detroit. These guys go either way, but I love Detroit.

Jeff: I'll probably jet in from the Bahamas.

Chuck: Detroit is cool because it keeps your feet on the ground. This is a blue collar town. It keeps you in touch with where you should be.

ETCH: Monday morning people get up and go to work.

Chuck: Yeah, they party all fuckin' night and get up and go to work.

ETCH: Here's one a bit off the subject. What's your preference *The Addams Family* or *The Munsters*?

BAND: *Munsters*!!!

Mike: But **Fester** rules!!!

Jeff: If your next question is '**Ginger** or **Mary Ann**?' It's **Mary Ann** everytime.

Chuck: *The Munsters* had hot rods, man.

ETCH (MM): What are your favorite Motor City hotspots?

Jeff: **Gusoline Alley** is the bar. Stop in and see me sometime.

Mike: Jeff will be the one holding up the bar.

Jeff: **St. Andrew's**, **Paycheck's**.

Chuck: **Magic Bag**.

ETCH: What about the **Falcon**?

Jeff: Worst room in town to play, sound-wise.

Chuck: We played there with **KYUSS**.

ETCH: That brings up another question. What bands would you like to tour with?

Jeff: Oh yeah, there's plenty. The **Epitaph** label has great bands on it, maybe not exactly what we're into, (but) they're a little more geared toward the younger generation of punk. But we've played with **DOWN BY LAW**, **PENNYWISE** and they're super guys. We don't want to play on a bill where there are three bands that are a carbon copy of each other. When we play we like to mix it up: a rockabilly band on the bill. Everybody doesn't have to sit there and get drilled by the same thing.

ETCH: So if **KYUSS** called and wanted you to tour with them...

Jeff: Oh yeah, we love those guys. I used to play with a guy from Palm Springs (CA), I knew those guys when they were called **SONS OF KYUSS**.

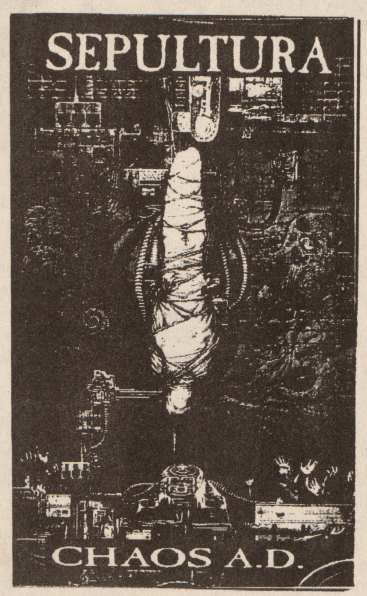
Chuck: I was in a band in LA called **MOTHER** and we played with **KYUSS** at this place called **Club With No Name** before they got signed, and at that time they were called **SONS OF KYUSS**, and they sucked. Then when I heard their first record it was like "Wow!! This band rules!!!"

SEPULTURA! SEPULTURA! SEPULTURA!

"...it's all about brutality."

Our man, **Mike Mazzola**, recently had a confab with **SEPULTURA**'s frontman **Max Cavalera**, to discuss their new home video, *Third World Chaos*, and the Brazilian band's plans for the future, as well as other topics near-n-dear to their hearts. Here are the results...

ETCH: What's **SEPULTURA** up to right now?
Right now we just released a home video that we've been working (on) since October. In two weeks we start writing, the continuation of the writing of the new album. We have eight songs written and we're looking to go in the studio in the end of December.
ETCH: Any cover songs?
MC: So far it's all of our stuff. There's ideas of a couple of songs. There's a **KILLING JOKE** song...which (has) a lot of drums and stuff. We've been thinking about that one. We cover a **CELTIC FROST** song too. So it's a little variety of cover ideas together with our own material.
ETCH: Any guests? (**SEPULTURA**'s last album had **Evan Seinfeld** [**BIOHAZARD**] and **Jello Biafra**)
MC: There's a percussionist who's gonna do a lot of the percussion on the album because there's a lot of strange vibes on the album. He's one of the best in the world. He's a Brazilian guy called **Na Na** (I have no idea if that's spelled right, **Mazzola**). He's one of the things we're gonna use from the outside. And I think we're (gonna use) a lyric from one of the Brazilian rap bands called **PAVION LAVEE** (that's almost definitely spelled entirely wrong, **Mazzola**) and the song is a really rough subject. It's about Brazil in the slums. When the police do not capture a real big criminal, they're fucking up a lot of things. The people in the slums hire kind of like their own security people and when they catch those criminals, they do the execution in the bright light (of) day. They line up all the people that they got and they call everybody, all the little kids and everybody, and everybody watches. They get shot point blank right in bright day. And it's really heavy, you know? So the guys from this band live in an area where that kind of thing happens, so he's writing a lyric for me right now and stuff.
ETCH:Is there a scene in Brazil for rap?
MC: It's really underground. It's not popular at all, unfortunately. The media and all the bullshit you know, rock and grunge and all that stupid shit took over, so they don't have too much space, but I'm in contact with them and I'm willing to help them as much as I can.
ETCH:What's up with **NAILBOMB**, was that just a one time thing or...?
MC: Yeah. The band's over, you know, we're not gonna play again. We did our only show in Holland at the **Dynamo**. We actually recorded the show and it came out really good. We didn't plan to do an album or anything, but we listened to the tape and it's so fucking intense and angry that it would be really a waste if we don't put it out because it's one of the most intense live recordings I ever heard in my life. So it's like we got really glad with the way it came out, so right now we're mixing. We didn't do any overdubs. We're gonna mix the tape the way it is, make it real raw and rough, and put out an album out that's a live one and we ended up using some stuff that we wrote that didn't come on the album. So there's the two last **NAILBOMB** songs ever. We wrote two more songs and the album is probably going to be called *Better Dead Than Mainstream.*



ETCH:When you did it live, was Igor on drums or what? (**Igor** is **Max**'s brother, also **SEPULTURA**'s drummer and **Mazzola**'s idol)
MC: We had three drummers. We had **Igor**, we had (**DH**) **Peligro** the **DEAD KENNEDY**'s drummer and one guy from **TRIBE AFTER TRIBE**. We had all kinds of guests. We had the bass player (from) **NEUROSIS** playing bass. We had people from the band **DOOM**, a hard-core band from England. **Evan** from **BIOHAZARD** plays bass on one song. So it's a bunch of musicians together. It's pretty different from the normal standard band. So that's why it was real fun to do and it came out really good and really spontaneous.
ETCH: On the last album I heard a lot of industrial influences. Will the next one something like that or are you gonna take it even further out this time? How's it going right now?
MC: I think it's going away from the industrial stuff because we think it's become really trendy now. It's like everybody's doing it. We're totally away from that shit. We've gone back to a more raw sound. The songs are probably shorter and more simple. It's all about...really an intense and angry sound. The album's actually like the most weird songs we ever wrote so far. They have a really weird vibe to it. I played it to some people and some people didn't even know it was **SEPULTURA**. They thought it was something they never heard before. It's just like...somehow...I'll say darker than the other stuff.
ETCH: Up tempo or slower dirge type?
MC: It's all kinds of stuff.
ETCH: Just all over the place?
MC: Yeah. One song is like one minute long and played fast. It's not very "hardcore" I would say. I would say just a really fast, strange, brutal song. We have another song that's called *Roots Bloody Roots*, and it pretty much has only one riff all the way through and it's like...intense, kinda like a weird one riff. It's almost (got a) psychotic kind of feeling. It just keeps going on this note and, so it's a different album. That's all I can say, but really good, really different. But I will say right now, people will be surprised when they hear it.
ETCH:What have you guys been listening to lately?
MC: I haven't listened to any metal because it's really boring right now. I haven't listened to any rock either. I haven't listened to any grunge, nothing like that. A little bit of weird stuff like **DEAD CAN DANCE** and...I don't know, some other stuff that I heard like some Brazilian experimental groups.
ETCH: What's it like playing larger venues (like with **PANTERA** and **MINISTRY**)?
MC: It's pretty shitty actually, because they have all the seats and stuff. We really cannot get along with that situation, plus all the norms of big places. It's such full of crap when we came back to clubs and we went to do our other tour with **FUDGE TUNNEL** and **CLUTCH**, it was so much better and so much more enjoyable, that at this point I doubt that **SEPULTURA** will play those places again. Even if the album becomes more successful than **Chaos AD**. We will even try to work it out to do more shows instead of going to the bigger venues, because they just suck, you know? It's not the same shit, it doesn't work for a band like us. It works for a rock band, it even works for **PANTERA** because they're kind of like a party kind of feeling. But for **SEPULTURA** it's all about brutality, so it doesn't work...So pretty much what we're gonna try to do is go back to playing places that have no seats, but there are some places that are bigger that have no seats. For example, in New York when we played with **MINISTRY**, they have this bullshit law, like, no stage diving. It's just like through the whole show, man, they kicked the asses of those fucking kids and so at one point in the middle of the show, I just said, "Fuck all this shit." So I stagedived myself. I wanted to see what they would do to me, you know? And they did. They grabbed me and they put my arms in the air. It felt like being hassled by the police. Same kind of attitude, and this guy's like "I'm gonna fuck you up!" and I'm like "Fucking do it man!" He wouldn't do it because he knew I was a band member and he'd probably get his ass sued or something, so he didn't beat me, but he was real close to doing it. Then I got back to the stage and I looked at the crowd and I was like "See, is that just power shit or what?" and everybody kinda understood the whole bullshit. So like we're never gonna go to New York and play in a place like that. A stupid place.
ETCH: Any favorite places in the U.S. to play?
MC: There's better places than others. Chicago is really good. Detroit and New York and LA are good.
ETCH: What about the world? Any cool venues out there?
MC: Yeah! There's really cool venues in Europe, because you can play for like 5000 people and it will be like an open 5000 seat place and it'll be like everybody's slammin'. Or you play those big festivals like the **Dynamo** at **Castle Donnington**, where it's the same shit you know? It's great. People just raging and getting their anger out, so that kind of situation I like. That's the only thing I like about those big festivals. People really enjoying themselves. I wish there were more festivals like that in America. If they had a **Dynamo** in America that would be so fucking cool to see all those bands together in a big area. Instead of that, we have that stupid **Lollapalooza**, with all the stupid bands. They're really afraid to put a metal band on the (bill). They're so paranoid about it. It's like they're terrified of metal bands. It's all bullshit. Like another bullshit corporation just like the others. You know, just like **MTV** and all the stupid corporations.
ETCH: Has there been any shows in the past when crazy things happened that freaked you out?
MC: Yeah, about three years, actually four years ago, we played in Brazil and a kid died. It was such a violent pit, that I think it was getting out of hand in the pit, almost turned into a fight and a guy just pulled a gun and blew this kid's head off. That was weird because like we heard a gunshot, and we were looking at each other, kinda like "What was that?" After the show, we heard that was what it was.

So it's kinda like - I still think about it because it was really weird you know? Like how violent it got...I don't like what happened, I think it's bullshit, but it's strange how people get really manic and their anger can really come out in a really strong way. It's strange because when I play I kinda like to see it that way. That's why it's good that I'm playing, because I get really kinda psychotic in a way on stage. It's like a trance, possession kind of situation. I tell people that I'm not really responsible for when I'm up on stage. Off stage I can pretty much control myself, but on stage, it's kind of weird. I get in a weird mood.

ETCH: Any positive crazy experiences?

MC: Yeah. I remember I did this one show we did in Europe, in Barcelona, and security was like beating up all these kids and at one point I couldn't take any more and I just grabbed my guitar and just bashed this security guy's head. They turned the lights on and the whole place was clapping and cheering. It was great because this guy was being an asshole for the whole show. So he got beat up and everybody clapped for our attitude to do something like that. Totally like put an end to his bullshit attitude. So that was kind of cool.

ETCH: Do you guys go to any shows?

MC: Yeah, whenever there's a band that we think is worth it to get out of the house to watch.

ETCH: Have you seen anyone lately that has impressed you?

MC: No. I went to see...uh...last time...I don't know...last time I went to see someone...uh...I think it was...I cannot even remember. It's been a long time, but I haven't seen a lot of...oh, It was **NEUROSIS** and **CRASH WORSHIP**, which was pretty cool, you know? But the crowd was too much of a kind of hip crowd. Everybody was just trying to be cool and whatever now, kinda like punk's back, so everybody's punk. Everybody that was glam is punk now. So it's kinda like you don't even enjoy going to shows anymore.

ETCH: Do you have any favorite **SEPULTURA** songs?

MC: My favorite songs are *Innerself* and *Territory*. Both together (on) the same level. I like the lyrics to *Innerself* a little better, but I like the music to *Territory* better. It's like I get really pumped up when I play that live, mainly the last part when it comes back from the feedback. It sounds like...you feel like you could like go out and beat up people (Laughter). It's a good feeling.

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DISTORTED VIEW

Detroit heavy metal band **DISTORTED VIEW** have been cranking out the aggro since Halloween 1992. The current line up has been together for about two-and-a-half years. The band is made up self-taught musicians: **Mike Bosley**, rhythm guitar and vocals; **Paul Lunsford**, bass and backing vocals; **Mike Montagne**, lead guitar; and **Tony Moore** on drums (**Tony** and **Paul** are the only founding members remaining in the band). *"Tony's been playing since he was about seven years old; the rest of us have been playing since our early teens."* Some of their influences are **KISS**, **BLACK SABBATH**, **George Neil** (**HALLOWEEN**), **Richie Blackmore**, **Randy Rhoads** and **Nikki Sixx**; as well as punk, classical music and the blues. As a band they're influenced by music, cartoons and beer. Their favorite bands, both nationally and local, include **BIOHAZARD**, **SEPULTURA**, **TRASH BRATS**, **CODA**, **MYIN SANITY** and **SUBSIDENCE**. When asked if their name had any particular meaning the band responded emphatically, *"Come see us play and you decide."*

DISTORTED VIEW's goals are to *"stay together and get out of Detroit"* because *"not enough people support local bands."* In short, *"it sucks!"* Their favorite places to play in the Motor City are **Paycheck's Lounge**, **The Ritz** and the late lamented Blondie's. They would also like to play the east side metal Mecca **Harpo's**, since they've played the three above places along with the **Old Miami**, **Griff's Grill**, **The Falcon** and the **I-Rock**. They said their best show ever happened this past July at **Summer Slam '95** at **Freedom Hill** in Sterling Heights and their worst show was their first show ever at **Blondie's**. The funniest thing that's happened to 'em live occurred when they were playing a cover song, "You Stink, But I Love You." Their bass player, **Paul**, pulled his shirt over his head and yelled, *"I am the Great Corn Holio!"* in a **Beavis**-like fashion. *"Everybody cracked up and we almost couldn't finish the song!"*

"Put the remote control down, get up off your ass, go to the clubs and support local music!" Is their message to the readers of this fine publication. Would they trade places with anyone or any band in the world? *"No!" "I (**Mike Montagne**) couldn't be happier than where I am. **DISTORTED VIEW** is my home. We just seem to gel like a family, with a sense of humor and professionalism."*

Currently, the band has a tape (out since November of 1994) entitled, ***Twisting Your Mind***, available locally and through the band. Contact **DISTORTED VIEW** *c/o 26375 Greenleaf Roseville, MI 48066.*

88 FINGERS LOUIE

From the "City of Broad Shoulders," comes **Hopeless Records** recording artists **88 FINGERS LOUIE**. The band has been together for three-and-a-half years. **88 FINGERS LOUIE** are made up of **Denis** (vox), **Dan** (guitar), **Joe** (bass) and **Glenn**, the newest member, on drums, who joined the band about a month before the band recorded ***Behind Bars.*** **Denis** cites **7 SECONDS**, **MINOR THREAT**, **Bob Dylan** and the **BEATLES**.

After two rippin' **FAT WRECK CHORDS** seven inches and a nine song 10", the band has just released a 12 song full length, ***Behind Bars***. It's sold over 10,000 copies in its first three weeks. You may be familiar with the song "Blink" from the ***Fat Music for Fat People*** compilation, and the song "Holding Back" from their ***Wanted*** seven inch.

Denis says **"88 FINGER LOUIE** has no specific message, ***"We're just four guys who who want to play the shit out of our songs. We want people to have a good time."*** The band would like to make touring a full time job, to replace their day jobs (**Denis** is open with his wife about touring, and she's very supportive). They are skeptical about making a living off of the band, but at the same time it would be doing something they love. They are afraid to compromise -- they want to do things they believe in, like staying away from corporate radio. However, things at **Hopeless** make it seem that they'll be able to live off the band in a year or two.

As for their previous West Coast tour (***"it went very good"***), lasted two-and-a-half weeks. Their first date was in Wyoming, after a 23 hour drive, to play with **DOC HOPPER**. They opened for the **VOODOO GLOW SKULLS** in Santa Barbara. The rest of the dates they headlined.

Future plans include a full U.S. tour this spring, plus they're going to Europe in February for a month. They will also be playing the **Snowboard Festival** in Montreal (they may also be playing in Detroit with **JOYKILLER** around Thanksgiving). Also look for **88 FINGER LOUIE** on the **THRASHER 911 #6** video. You can also find the band on the ***Punk Sucks*** compilation.

Discography:

GD 002 self titled (7")
FAT 509 ***Go Away*** (7")
FAT 512 **Wanted** (7")
RR 002 ***Totin' 40's*** (10")
HR 607 ***Behind Bars*** (CD, LP, CS)

WIZO

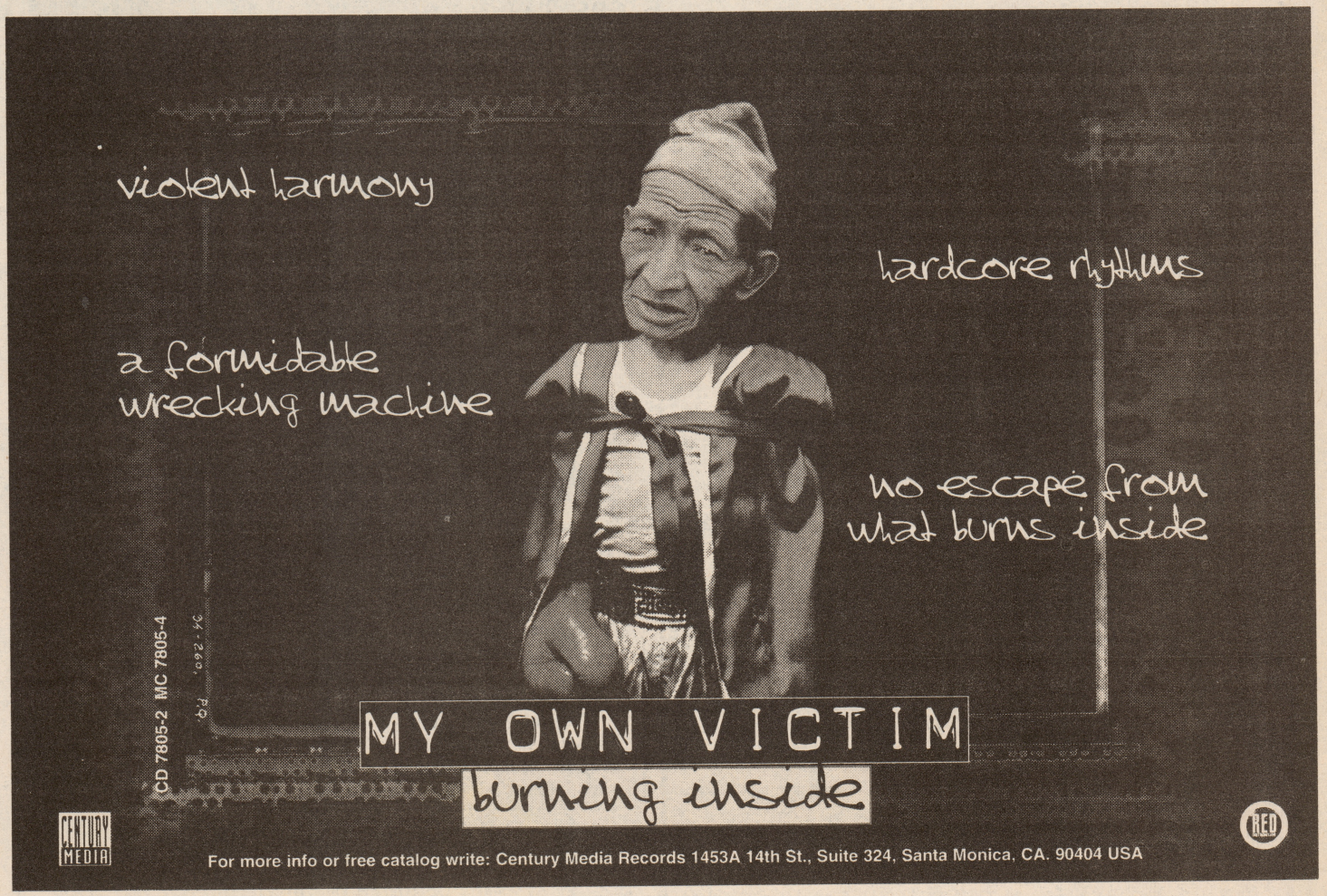
WIZO, a three-piece punk rock band from Stuttgart, Germany, recently released a wicked LP entitled ***Uuaarrgh!*** on **Fat Wreck Chords.** We caught up with them at the **Warped Tour**. The band members are **Axel** (guitar/vocals), **Charly** (drums) and **Jorni** (bass)

The band was surprised when **Fat Mike** (the head honcho at **Fat Wreck Chords**) released ***Uuaarrgh!*** because they didn't think anyone in the U.S. would be interested in a German punk band. A somewhat surprised **Axel** says, *"Everyday there are freaks coming up to us, telling us they like the stuff. I don't get it."* They recorded a new full length in Germany before they came to America for the **Warped Tour**. They still don't know if **Fat Wreck Chords** will release it.

They were late in joining the **Warped Tour** because of the recording. When asked what he thought of the tour, **Axel** replied, *"It's like a big circus with the skater's shit and the climbing. For us as a band we got treated very well. We were the first band on the (second) stage. We got food, we got a soundcheck, we got a cool stage. We've sold so many t-shirts and CDs --I don't understand it."* But he also said that he wasn't comfortable with the corporate sponsership of the tour. He thinks that punk rock and big business shouldn't mix, although the punk rock hype is just as big in Germany as it is in the U.S. *"Still there always was and there will always be a big punk rock scene (in Germany).* Punk rock was always something you could do yourself. *"You don't have to learn an instrument. You just go on stage and have fun. You don't need the 'rock stars and audience relationship.' People come to your shows...a punk rock show only works with a crowd."*

When asked which bands **WIZO** enjoys and are influenced by, **Axel** says *"old British bands from the late 70's."* They also enjoy early American punk rockers the **MISFITS** and **CIRCLE JERKS**. They also enjoy the *"the California shit"* like the bands on **Fat Wreck Chords** like **NO USE FOR A NAME** and they *"especially like NOFX a lot."* He also concedes that they'll listen to **Tom Jones** and **Dean Martin** to stay awake while traveling. What about **DIE TOTEN HOSEN**? He likes them but is not happy that they're incorporating English into their songs because it dilutes their message.

You can reach **WIZO** at **Hulk Rackorz** Eichendorffstr. 1 - D-93051 Regensburg Germany. Phone/fax: 49-941-998791.



TO HELL AND BACK

WITH CEVIN KEY

by **Mike Pfeiffer**

Losing a co-worker can be painful. Losing a friend can be devastating. Losing a collaborator...well, does "throwing in the towel" sound like a good idea? **Cevin Key**, keyboardist extraordinaire for **SKINNY PUPPY** and a host of other projects, spoke with me recently after losing his long time friend and band mate, **Dwayne Goettel**. In a somber but friendly voice, **Cevin** gave me insight into some of the tragedies of the past couple years and also relayed some projections of what lay in store for him and his music.

ETCH: Let's start with the *Doom Generation* incident, where you were injured on the set. What actually happened?

C.K.: We (**SKINNY PUPPY**) were in Malibu recording our album and were coaxed into making an appearance in *Doom Generation*. It was also rumored that **Perry Farrell** was going to be in it. Well, they picked us up and put us into a fight scene in which I was fighting two guys on a moving car. There was supposed to be people to catch me if I fell off. Of course, I fell off and nobody was there to catch me. It's in litigation now so I don't want to say much more except I broke my knee pad and had 21 stitches put into my leg and seven on my face.

ETCH: Which is really just one bad luck story among a host of others I've heard, right?

C.K.: Yeah, I guess it started in 1988 when I was in Jamaica and Hurricane Gilbert tore the island apart. Then, a year and a half ago, we had the fires at the studio in Malibu. We (**SKINNY PUPPY**) were loaded up and on our way there, when we heard about the forest fires. They kept us away from the studio for about five days. After that was the earthquake, which came while we were working, and literally shook the place up and down. The floods and the mudslides came next. There were also some problems with our record label. Then **Dwayne** passed away...

ETCH: Obviously, that was the biggest loss...

C.K.: Yeah, to me, he was the most amazing keyboard player I've ever been exposed to hearing. We worked as partners, we both knew what we wanted with sound and would bounce ideas off one another. So for me, this is a huge tragedy. Everything I ever did with music, I did with **Dwayne**. I am going to say that I'm going to continue to make music. But there's going to be a huge impact on it because of this.

ETCH: How so?

C.K.: With **Dwayne** gone, I feel like I need to pay tribute to the visions that he had with music. He has so much music not even released that I want to get out. That's part of what I plan on doing.

ETCH: Is this where **DOWNLOAD**, your latest project with **Dwayne**, comes into play?

C.K.: **DOWNLOAD** has been my piece of mind. It's the music I felt like doing. But, it's everybody as equals, a four-piece project, that was a statement for all of us. **DOWNLOAD** is like a "live" improvisation that we end up editing.

ETCH: Does the **DOWNLOAD** project differ any from past projects such as **HILT**, **CYBERAKTIF** or **TEAR GARDEN**?

C.K.: They've all been collectives of some sort, where everybody tries to make their statement. Usually the vocalist tries to guide the band. Like with **HILT**, Al Nelson would be the leader of the band. **TEAR GARDEN**'s getting back together in December and we're going to tour as a "quadruple bill." Small shows with **LEGENDARY PINK DOTS** morphing into **TEAR GARDEN** morphing into **DEAD VOICES ON AIR** morphing into **DOWNLOAD**.

ETCH: Now that we've mentioned your other bands, where does **SKINNY PUPPY** stand?

C.K.: Well, we're very happy that the album will finally be coming out. We had some difficulties with our label, **American**, but after having our record on and off hold for quite some while, it will be released. Our situation with **American** had its problems because we were a band that had 12 years behind us and a vision of what we wanted. So, we weren't quite as flexible as **American** would have liked us to be. It's actually quite a miracle that we came through it with our concept in tact and our producer, **Dave Oglive**, producing it.

ETCH: Is *Ode to Groovy* from the *In Defense of Animals* compilation any indication of the direction **SKINNY PUPPY** is going?

C.K.: Actually, not at all. That track is basically just **Ogre** (**SKINNY PUPPY**'s lead singer). **Dwayne** and I aren't on that track at all. **Dwayne** and I had some differences with **Ogre** on the direction **SKINNY PUPPY** would be going. **Ogre** wanted to start actually singing and that just isn't what **SKINNY PUPPY** was about. I guess it should be said at this point that **SKINNY PUPPY** is no longer. "C'est la vie" I think we say. He's (**Ogre**) got his new band, **WELT**, and in the meantime, **Dwayne** and I felt we had to go in our new direction.

ETCH: Which was **DOWNLOAD**..

C.K.: Right, we hooked up with **Phil** (**DJ Philth**) and **Mark Spybey**. These were the guys we always thought it would be really cool to be in a band with. We ended up getting together and recorded just a ton of music. Then, **Dwayne** left us and I'm continue my work. There will be a **SKINNY PUPPY** "live" recording release. There's also a **DOUBTING THOMAS** that's almost finished. To get past this, fortunately, I went through some therapy a couple of years ago. I needed some spiritual grounding. To obtain that, I had to be at peace with whatever happened and that has been the whole concept.

DOWNLOAD's CD, *Furnace*, will soon be available from **Cleopatra**. **Cevin** is also playing some dates in October with **DEAD VOICES ON AIR** throughout Ontario including London. And, for anybody thinking about going to Mexico City, **Cevin** will be playing with the **LEGENDARY PINK DOTS** there on December 3rd.

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The Information Super Lie Way

Freedom is the name of the game but the name of the game is never the game. Look at the rules of the game and not at the name to truly learn what the game really is. A mere glance at the book and we find the game is about secrecy. Are those in the know holding back - are they a sneaky Pete - a stoic palace guard who does not flinch at the antics of Lucy and Ethel. The thin-lipped anchor trumpets the arrival of the computer - the whole World Wide Web postures itself - on all fours - barking invitation to the "free" world. Time to hook up - mount on - fire up that nubie - pull down your drawers and lay the great cyberspace lady. Time for a ride on the fiber optic lightning called the Internet. The Internet - democracy in action - information at the finger tips - a free world wide computer information network - is being portrayed as freedom it self.

The Internet, our grand 1990's synonym for freedom, was established in the 1950's by, of all organizations - the freedom loving United States Military. The plodding $5,000 toilet seat procurers are behind the world's proclaimed link to freedom. They are the impetus behind once rhetoric and speculative hopes (now realized) such as the Information Super Highway and the classroom without walls. Yes - yes - the theory and rhetoric about freedom - a mere orchestrated battle plan in the arena of public opinion. A muddied boot in a battle trench of the mind. The new forces (not the Red Chinese) plan invasion. Ready yourself for the occupation of the mind. The occupation of the mind might be a long campaign - the occupation of the mind may weary the combatants with the tally of unimaginable losses. Or the occupation of the mind may be nothing more than a humming and droll takeover - the hot poker player's subtle stretch, disappearance and cash in of the chips - the nearly unnoticed rise in your credit card's interest rate. The occupation of the mind might already be a victory.

Is the company line put forth by the media and the leashed intellectuals on the money this time - are they rightfully proclaiming the optimistic bright and warm new day? Or are they what **Noam Chomsky** views as a mere parrot - a squawking echo of what the big money boys snortle over brandy? Horatio? Horatio? What is this Internet that betwixts and bedazzles? There can be no doubt that the Internet is what one might call a "neat thing." The NET is not some inherent evil entity - not the devil at the gates of heaven with buggery afoot. The NET is not a trip inside the gates either. Good or evil is not the question or for that matter something that is ever answerable. Read your **Nietzche**. What to call into question is the NET's stature as a panacea. A panacea that smells like sugar pills. One cannot doubt the presence of information - the information (and the advertising) is "out there" - and if you have the resources - computer - modem - phone line (resources are usually a precursor to freedom) or if you have the gumption and ambition to venture to a library or university where you could gain free access (desire to be free is also a precursor) then you can find a staggering amount of things that would interest you - a great amount of information to stimulate the mind.

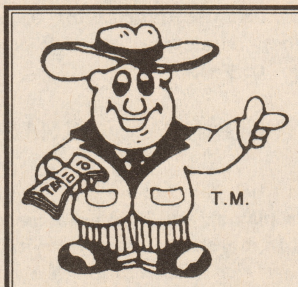
Is it the access to information that makes us newly free? No! The library already serves that purpose and has done so long before the computer was even a possibility. You need only read **Henry Miller's** account (writing 50 years ago) of his experiences in the libraries of New York City to find the stimulation's and vast information that a library can offer. Of course the library is not in your home - and people don't want to leave their homes. There is bad stuff "out there." That movie is playing in a suspect area - so let's rent the video. The library's main branch is downtown - who wants to go downtown. Keep people in their homes - the Man wants to know right where you are - tick tock track electronically what you're doing - too hard to follow every person when they leave their home. The existence of the library shushes the rhetoric that prior to the Internet information was near impossible to obtain. Can anyone say that had **Einstein** or **Gurdjief** or **Reich** been on line then blah blah blah?

Can non-connection be a handicap of the mind? And if so, in what way? We hear - in the home - convenience - speed - virtual information library - but will the Internet make you more intelligent? No - it will only give you access to information. Who's to say that the information you find is even correct. I can go on line right now - participate in forums - start my own home page and say I'm a medical doctor or a nuclear physicist or a hair dresser and spew forth my "expert advice" which could result in death, a non-correctly assembled nuclear incendiary device or a bad haircut. Incorrect information perceived as gospel truth only pens you in a kennel of ignorance. But step right up to the monitor and I'll tell you what you get with that kennel of ignorance. Tell me Erik! Tell me! You win a trip to Hawaii aboard safe and secure virtual airlines and when you arrive you'll stay at the luxurious and clean virtual hotel blah blah blah blah blah. You get the point. Access to all the stuff "out there" - all the while you're in here. And wherever here may be - it is not perceived as glamorous as what's "out there." What is out there? You are - supposedly - virtually "out there." Does all of this sound kinda out there?

My children - my children - we arrive at the cross roads - the grand paradox of technology and freedom. The great technological infrastructure puts us (in a sense) all over the world - we can see video of China - video conference to France - chat on the telephone to our chums in Brazil - receive e-mail from all parts of the globe (except China and most of Africa and South America) - download images of Buckingham Palace from a server in England - we can do all of this and seem quite continental - but - we are really not **Phileas Fogg**, or **Michael Palin** for that matter. We grab mere glimpses of the world and these glimpses give an inflated feeling of experience. Technology makes the world seem smaller but the world is the same size it always was. One medium-sized planet located within one relatively large galaxy floating in an infinite universe. Freedom considered a cyberspace "surf" (ridiculous term) and yet in reality we sit in our all too familiar homes? This is not freedom, but the very poor attempt at the illusion of freedom. Technology is not freedom. Technology can save man time and man could then devote that time to the pursuit of true freedom - but this difference should never be confused. We live in a time where the world appears to grow smaller - and that appearance conditions people to receive satisfaction with only partial and predetermined experience. A friend, **Dave Kramer**, once told me "I hope people will go for this whole virtual reality thing - then it won't be so crowded when I go on vacation." No matter how brilliant a documentary on the Great Wall of China - it is the image of someone else's eye - and connection of those images by someone else's hand - and the presentation of those images allowed to happen because of someone else's money. No matter how complex and infinite a home page or a multi-media presentation seems - the choices are predetermined choices by the programmer. In front of the television or computer screen you are in a world that is artificial - unreal and only appearing as real as the lines of resolution on the monitor allow - you are a slave in someone else's world. **George Clinton** once said: "Free your mind and your ass will follow."

Freedom is not some artificial space. That artificial space - made up of real computers and real users - is not freedom - it is merely a tool. The government knows it's a tool - even as we hear all the catch phrases from the mouths on top - even as we hear them talk of the game "The Information Superhighway is important to democracy and freedom" - we need to only look in the rule and the rule book is very clear. Rule #6027 just arrived as an E-mail message "It says warning from the Man" and attached is PDF document - launch Acrobat (TM) and "If you as an individual have encryption software that can protect your computer files," (Encryption software - which scrambles documents so only someone with a code can view them - a very good idea) "This software is now classified by Federal law as a munitions and it is unlawful for any unauthorized citizen to be in possession of such software." Encryption software has the same status as M-16s, hand grenade launchers and atomic weapons?! A computer disc can have this status?! Imagine the implications. Suppose my pal **Dave Kramer** goes on vacation to Borneo - and while there becomes fearful that his electronic vacation diaries may be viewed by unwanted eyes - he makes me aware of his concerns so I mail him a copy of my encryption software - which is intercepted by the United States/Any Government - now under the law I would go to trial as a sedition plotting international arms dealer and possibly forced to dwell in a 9 x 9 box or maybe even receive a complimentary bullet in the head for my devious actions. My imprisonment or death would be justified as the protection of freedom for society against those who would conspire to undermine this freedom (the mythological greater good) by making documents unreadable to those but the eyes of a few authorized persons. This I would have no right to do - for this violates the freedom of all too view what I wish to encrypt. If this sounds confusing - it is only because hypocrisy always does. I would hope the vacation files were worth seeing. This whole virtual information revolution just rings of freedom don't it.

Erik Tschiggfrey



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LIVE

MULE BANTAM ROOSTER SPECIAL GUESTS house party East Lansing 7/21/95

SPECIAL GUESTS was not really a band per se, but a collection of young townies who decided to make a little noise to get this party started. The best aspect was the total informality; people went up and talked to the players during the set, players walked in and out, etc. At one point, I thought one of them was going to take a phone call, but that was just a false alarm. "Hey, man, I really can't talk. We're in the middle of a show." God bless 'em, but the one thing these kids need to learn is that when you do something of this nature ("improv" noise), you probably need to throw in a little sex, violence, or both to make the whole thing go down a little smoother. Just ask **T. Jackson**; he'll let you know how it was done in the old days.

Speaking of **T. Jackson**, his very own **BANTAM ROOSTER** stumbled up next. A short, but amazing set is what the **ROOSTER** duo laid down. **Eric** is a very powerful drummer (more so than I thought listening to the recorded material put out by his main band, Ann Arbor's **GRAVITAR**), and **Potter** did his thing in fine style. They've got a whole bunch of new material that they weren't quite ready to debut, but word has it it's classic. The mix of 60's era p-rock and more traditional antecedents is proving to be a winner. I don't know that I've ever seen **Potter** more comfortable or proud on stage than he seemed to be this time out. He's got good reason. Some might complain that it's a bit thin with only one guitar, but I maintain that's what makes this band stand out. It's virtually pure rhythm, and I don't hear anybody else doing it quite the same way.

MULE appeared to be using this as a proving ground for new material, since it seemed well over half of the stuff they played was unfamiliar. Most of it sounded great, and it doesn't appear that a new record would be any kind of dramatic departure from recent efforts. This band, when it's on, is easily one of the best on the planet at the current moment. They rock with a deeper groove than almost anybody else, and it appears that they haven't lost that touch. The newish drummer seemed completely up to speed, which is key for **MULE**, because their ability to jam is heavily dependent (as are most bands) on a rock solid drummer. They appear to have one. ***C. Fuller.***

SPACE STREAKINGS MT. SHASTA FATSACK Old Miami Detroit 7/22/95

It was a big weekend in Southeastern Michigan, but no band should spend 10 minutes setting up, 15 minutes playing, and 10 minutes tearing down. Certainly not when the integral 15 minutes is five guys trying to emulate two 1963 **Wollensack** 1/4" reels channeled through a ham radio.

FATSACK was very excited about their new 7". Apparently it contains all of their non-**FUGAZI** tracks.

MT. SHASTA plays loud, weird rock and roll with bizarre tempo changes and sparse vocals, and they managed to play a full set before I realized how engaging their music really is. Unfortunately, I didn't have a copy of their finely crafted CD, ***Who's The Hottie?***, until after I saw the show, which led to sincere difficulties after I had played their CD six or seven times, and discovered that I liked (or was badgered into liking) this fine jug of fat.

Much of Japanese culture is a genuine novelty. **SPACE STREAKINGS** is no disappointment. Like many of their ilk, they manage to both confound and entrance the hapless bystander with outstanding technology, superior musicianship and real "high energy" noise rock that most American bands beg for. Plus they sell the best sticker I have ever seen. ***Pants Mulligan.***

GOOD RIDDANCE

GOOD RIDDANCE SWINGIN' UTTERS OTTER MOCK I, AGAINST B.E. Henry Hall Marshall 7/23/95

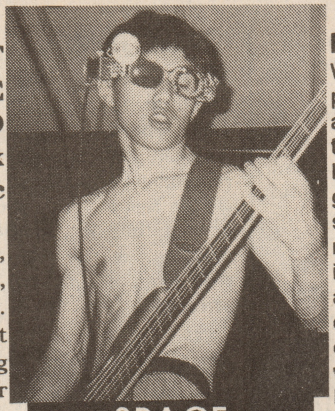
More p-rock from Calhoun County, another all ages extravaganza covered by yours truly and **Harry K. Hairy**...Leadin' off were hometown heroes **I, AGAINST**. Hard-core, **Dischord**-influenced, highly energetic and sometimes sloppy, these youngsters are well on the road to bein' on the mark. Keep workin' at it boys, pretty soon you'll be right there...California's **MOCK** were up next and surprise, surprise they played a variation of the HC theme, by adding a heaviness that is rarely displayed in the genre. They were havin' a blast and so was the crowd (roughly 50-60 people). Another band on the way up...From the banks of the mighty River Grand came **OTTER** (who arrived late). More **Dischord**-flavored tunes. Not great but entertaining, the jury's still out for me...SFCA punk band, **SWINGIN' UTTERS**, absolutely smoked 'em! Their gruff/blunt **SHAM 69**-meets-**D.O.A.** hybrid was the perfect tonic for this grizzled old man's cynical ears. Why even **Harry K.** was boppin' around like he was only 40-something. If the P.A. would of been up-to-snuff, the **UTTERS** would've blown out the walls. Way cool! ...**GOOD RIDDANCE**. Let's see, they're from Callyfornee, their singer looks like a blond **Charlie Sheen** (sorry, I gotta call 'em like I see 'em) and they were tighter'n all get out. These gentlemen play take-no-prisoners, sing-along punk rock of the brutal variety. Again, if the P.A. had been working properly the show woulda been a bloodbath! If you missed 'em, go out an' snag their ***For God and Country*** LP on **Fat Wreck Chords**...Kudos to **Everett & Co.** for booking another great show. ***n. bates.***

TYPE O NEGATIVE SOULS AT ZERO MICE TERMITE Harpo's Detroit 7/28/95

MICE TERMITE are the new local thang, ridin' a **MINISTRY**, **NINE INCH NAILS** trip with little or no success on this evening. Much better were **SOULS AT ZERO**, who seem to be in that enviable position of cultivating something of interest; they're playing a lot of big shows...good for them.

TYPE O NEGATIVE had **Harpo's** packed to the point of collapse, add in some of the most brutal, vicious, deliriously tropical heat I've ever had the displeasure of experiencing while trying to see a band, and...well, let's say it wasn't much fun. **TYPE O** didn't pack the punch they did the last time through with **PANTERA**, combined with the fact that **Peter Steele** and his bandmates were so obviously uncomfortable in the heat, they just didn't get off. They really need to focus on new material, ***Bloody Kisses*** was like a year and a half ago, but they continue to tour off its phenomenal success. Too many cover songs, "Summer Breeze" is cool, but "Hey Joe?" Considering the heat, I'll forgive 'em. ***D. Wood.***

Sextasy Ball: LORDS OF ACID MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT GOD LIVES UNDERWATER Phoenix Plaza Amphitheater Pontiac 7/30/95



SPACE STREAKINGS

Billed as the show with both sex and terror, the **Sextasy Ball**, was a show to tantalize, excite and even discomfort those attending. Set upon the **Phoenix Center**, in the heart of Pontiac, was a number of booths offering tattoos, body piercing and leatherwear (ware?). **GOD LIVES UNDERWATER**, a band that I've never heard of, started promptly at 6:30 PM, playing that version of generic industrial thrash that a hundred other bands are playing. There were no distinctions between any of their material, and since the crowd's attention was diverted with all of the sights, who really cared?

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT, caught the crowd's attention as they took to the stage with a flame-swallower. It only seemed fitting that **Noir Leather** should make an appearance at the extravaganza. So, the scantily, leather clad group of girls and boys had fun on each side of the stage whipping, grinding and - oh yeah - dancing. The material from **TKK**, which they've been dubbed (like **KFC**), was largely devoted to their new disco-industrial edge, which is cool to move to, but lacks the intensity and harsh aggression which is what I initially liked about them. Everything was going by so fast, two-thirds of the evening was over and it was still light out. The crowd was a mix of gothic enthusiasts decked-out out in black, the leather fetishes with corsets and just everyday people that like a little variety in their lives. At dusk the crowd gathered for the **LORDS OF ACID**, which had a 10 minute intro that brought the crowd to a frenzy, anticipating the band's presence. The frenzy was further intensified as a "poet" ranted about life as he saw it and ended by introducing the band.

The **LORDS OF ACID** may not be very talented, and their songs are even a bit on the cheesy/trendy side, but they've got a hell of a stage presence. Having already seen them earlier this year, I noticed how they've really gotten a following of horny, enthusiastic fans, both male and female. The beginning of their set brought the crowd thrashing, multiple stage surfers, and an urge among the whole crowd to move forward. I was separated from my friend in the first two minutes, my baseball cap was gone within five minutes, and my head was kicked (look up dummy!) within 10 minutes. The energy was unbelievable as the **LORDS OF ACID** played their raunchy and aggressive material, and the lead singer, **Lady Galore**, seduced the audience.

It's so easy for one jerk, though, to ruin a show for everybody. This jerk threw an object up at the stage hitting **Lady Galore**. Well, this really got her pissed. For the rest of the show she bitterly called the audience "assholes" and "wankers." Her songs were no longer directed towards the audience, only her rage. I can understand some anger, but nothing else happened. The crowd continued to get into the music and enjoy the show. But, **Ms. Galore** was beyond forgiving as the **LORDS OF ACID** performed the rest of their set sloppily and hastily, then left the stage. We all stood there like fools cheering for 10 minutes, knowing there wasn't a chance for an encore. So, we left the show with a bitter taste in our mouths that was probably forgotten as soon as we remembered some of the fascinating scenes and sights that took place. ***Mike Pfeiffer.***

FOETUS ULTRA BIDE St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 7/30/95

Well, **St. Andy's** finally gave it up and acknowledged the god-like power that those of us who work for **ETCH Magazine** really have, and let us in (for once) without a hitch, a good beginning even though we were late and missed the **ULTRAS BIDE**. So **FOETUS** live with this line up doesn't measure up to his albums, which I am a great fan of. His old standbys like "Hot Horse" and "Clothes Hoist" sounded flat and far removed from his normal thick studio recordings, but it was still nice to hear the little red-headed bastard in the flesh, singing in his trademark "blood and gravel" voice to an appreciative Detroit piercing and leather crowd, which swayed like drunken gyroscopes to the Fetal one. Not bad, but not really good either. If anyone deserves to jump into this gay alternative band wagon revival bullshit and make some money, it's the old carrot-top himself. ***Dr. Bubo.***

JAKS MOUND ZUG ISLAND QUARTET THE CHINESE MILLIONAIRES

The Basement Grand Rapids 8/4/95

So **Pants**, **Ken** and I are geekifying this new **ETCH** computer, which is supposed to be the main cyber-tool for those Lansing editor-type guys and we miss the first two bands as a result. Too bad because ZUG sounds really cool. Those **Chinese Mills** are gonna have to be way over the top if I ever see 'em, 'cuz I doan like ella smasho...

MOUND pummeled the audience with their massive sounds and eerie guitar lines. Their confidence and experience is really starting to make the whole thing flow more fluidly. **The Basement**, located near/under the ex-**Enclave** offers a large, old industrial setting with graffiti and curious pipes and conduits, along with no bar (but BYOB) and a great atmosphere which made this show a pleasure to watch and hear. MOUND has their 7" out, with references to that legendary **Steve A.**, so keep your eye out for dees one.

JAKS are on dope, and whatever it is they got, I want. I was amazed at this band's ability to krank out quirky, original, mesmerizing riffs without ever looking anywhere but straight ahead, in a catatonic daze. The band has an inexhaustible supply of raw energy which they use rather mercilessly. They're from Ann Arbor (not anymore, ed.) and they play punk like it's 1978 and they invented it, so if they play anywhere near you, go see them. *CBH3.*

JOHNNY CASH Michigan Festival (MSU) East Lansing 8/9/95

Big ol' pimp kudos to the legendary **Marty "Showbiz" Barron** for going above and beyond the call for helping me with this one. Man, a backstage laminate at a show this size rules...it rules!

It allowed me to watch from very close as the crowd of 30,000+ grooved to the roots sounds of the "Man in Black." **Mr. Cash** and his band were professional as could be expected, but transcended the natural boundaries on this tropical, sweltering evening. Scanning his enormous catalog with effortless grace, the "train" songs were accompanied with B+W footage of trains, hobos and the like.

The thrill of the night, month, year, etc., was when I got the chance to shake hands with the man, he had just introduced his wife, **June Carter Cash**, and her solo portion of the program. He walked right by me towards his bus, and I reached out and shook his hand, told him what a thrill and pleasure it was. In a slightly "**Elvis**-sounding" reply he said, *"Well, thank you very much."* Sounds silly, but it kinda shook me up, whatta you want?...It was Lansing...on a Wednesday night fer chrissakes!!! *D. Wood.*

SPEEDBALL 60 CYCLE HUM Small Planet East Lansing 8/9/95

This adventure started the day **Jerry Garcia** died. Crest-fallen but determined to go on, **Matt Bour** and I tracked down Motor City ass-kickers **SPEEDBALL**. There was a palpable tension growing the minute we walked through the doors. People who normally smoked a pack-a-day were consuming their dags at an amazing pace. Dainty lil' debutantes were guzzlin' hooch like nobody's business. What is it about **SPEEDBALL** that puts a charge into normally

placid people? Were all the rumors true about them being the "loudest band in the land?" As respected journalists we had to find out.

60 CYCLE HUM: Harry K. (mumbled in a drunken stuper) "Ohmanohmanohman...lets get it happenin'...lets get it happenin'" over and over and over and over and over and over and over and then

SPEEDBALL: Attitude Detroit style. 1970's punk meets metal meets a buzzsaw, these guys are as unrelenting as a tooth ache. Yes kids, believe the hype. As good - no great - a live band as this writer has seen in many moons. Their music has "thickness." Christ, they even did a **DISCHARGE** cover ("Protest and Survive"). Easily one of the top bands in the country right now. Go see this band, you will not be disappointed. Go! ***n. bates***.

MORBID ANGEL GRIP INC. Harpo's Detroit 8/11/95

Another steam bath at the giant torture chamber lovingly known as **Harpo's**. Upon arrival I noticed swarms of skinheads practicing their usual intimidation tactics. **GRIP INC.** singer **Gus Chambers** stopped his band mid-song and pointed out what bullshit these mean baldies were up to. Didn't help matters much, but it gave the majority of the crowd a good laugh. Then they proceeded to put on a great set, thundering through the hits off their debut on **Metal Blade** ***Power of Inner Strength***. Ex-**SLAYER** drummer, **Dave Lombardo**, has himself a bona-fide winner...**MORBID ANGEL** were also quite good, considering the limitations of the death/metal genre. Great stage set-up, growlin' indecipherable vocals, you know the drill. ***D. Wood***.

THE BUCKET Blind Pig Ann Arbor 8/12/95

Growing ever more popular since their recent (less than a year) inception, this conglomeration of VLC (Veterans of Lame College bands), comprised of former members of **GROOVE SPOON**, **HECKLE & JIVE** and other Lansing/A2 bands (7 to 10 members - it's hard to tell sometimes), keep getting better, which is a nice surprise considering their somewhat dubious origins.

ACTIONARIES

I've seen this very fine ensemble kick it on a few other occasions. Early on, they opened for college-alternos **CHAMELION'S DISH**, whom they put to shame. Though the "**Bucketeers**" were playing mostly covers at the time, it was some nice, old-fashioned style; **FUNKADELIC**, **J.B.**, **PRINCE** and the like. Later on I caught 'em practicing across the street, gettin' all psychedelic and trippy, casual style. Then, at a small, almost unplanned party, where they got it on and on, going soulful and down.

Tonight, celebrating the release of their new CD, ***Jams & Preserves***, they opened up with the Southern-fried shaker "Hot Wings," a movin' little number complete with vocal harmonies, a big ol' bass and that chicka-chicka-chicka guitar, sans the ol' crybaby wah. Eventually they moved into some impressive horn and sax solos, and the brass was a swingin'. It was time to get up, get on up, and though a cover (some might even say typical) "Sex Machine" (**James Brown**) was a first set highlight. Then some interesting, if a bit lengthy space-type jams, and a soft and tender, pleading "Listen," before showing some weak soul to end the first set.

Previous dedication and obligation cut my night of fun short, but numerous reliable sources confirmed that **THE BUCKET** put it back and tore that house down again! (I'm kicking myself even now.) Get that CD and check for y'self! ***Jeff Fike***.

CIRCLE JERKS
St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 8/18/95

I'll admit it, I'm not old school. I'm not old enough to be, but tell you what, whether they're selling out or whatever the talk is now, I had major fun at this show. They seemed to get most (from what I remember) of the newer stuff out of the way first, then they played their classics. Time was short for them because of "3 Floors of Fun" or some bullshit, so they crammed about 13 songs into the last 15 minutes. It was sort of a cool medley. The **CIRCLE JERKS** still rock even if they are past their prime, though I wouldn't know. ***Mazzola***.

SUFFOCATION CROWBAR SHANK 456 Harpo's Detroit 8/18/95

Arrived a wee bit late due to being at the **CIRCLE JERKS** debacle with **"Moshin' Mazzola."** Oh to be young again...**SHANK 456** were kickin' it pretty good, I must say. NY-style rap-core that roughs you up and tosses you around, not bad. ..Highlight of the evening was finally getting to see the almighty **CROWBAR**, who frankly shook me to my very foundations. Big fellas, drinkin' cans of beer in the **Harpo's** heat, I'm now a fan. They simply beat the crowd into submission with their thunderous blasts of intensity. **SUFFOCATION** grrrroooowwwwlll death metal over the top whatchamacallit. ***D. Wood***. (**SUFFOCATION** review by **"Moshin' Mazzola."**)

TRUCK STOP LOVE
Rick's East Lansing 8/20/95

Once again a touring band faced the daunting task of playing a club in East Lansing without a warm-up band. Once again an East Lansing club skipped a number of quality bands that reside here (i.e. since they couldn't get one of the usual club bands, you know, the bands that always play here) and forced the touring band to play *two* sets. Once again I had to ask myself "What am I doing here?" (No reflection on the band, just E.L.)

From Manhattan, Kansas (home of Kansas State University), **TRUCK STOP LOVE**, one of the loudest bands these ears have dealt with in many years, play indie pop similar in sound to early (pre-crappie) **SOUL ASYLUM** and **REPLACEMENTS** (and that reference doesn't do them justice). **T.S.L.** have a gajillion hooks, are super tight and are, in short, very entertaining. Their cover of **Tom Petty's** "Listen Your Heart" (which they covered on the **Tom Petty** tribute comp. ***You Got Lucky***) was especially cool. Their first set was dominated with songs from their recent full-length ***How I Spent My Summer Vacation*** (**Backyard/Scotti Bros.**), while their second set was an informal mix of new material the band was working on, including the stunning song they ended their night with. A very rewarding evening from a very good band.
n. bates.

AMBER INN CHINESE MILLIONAIRES ACTIONARIES
New Society Community Center Lansing 8/21/95

So anyhow, **Pants Mulligan,** his lovely wife **Skirts** and I, made our way into downtown Lansing to catch this three band bill on a warm August evening. There were maybe 30 people or so, not bad considering it was a Monday. First up were the **ACTIONARIES** who played a sloppy, but very energetic, set of HC. These guys are abrasive as hell and sound as if they've got some **CRASS** influences. As the hometown favorites, they fired up the small crowd. Former **EL SMASHO** frontman's new band the **CHINESE MILLIONAIRES** took the baton next. **Tom Deja's** new outfit surprised the h-e-double hockey sticks right outta me with their brand of old-school (read "70's") punk rock. Very tight, very good, very loud. In short, Mr. **Deja** and Co. have the shit down. Check 'em out! **AMBER INN**. When one of their guitar players started preaching about child abuse and its obvious evils, I thought to myself, *"Oh Shit, an emo band..."* But when they commenced to playin', they kicked out the aggro in truly HUGE amounts. "Frenetic" is the word best apt to describe their stage presence,

while "overbearing" would not be inappropriate in describing them musically. All-in-all, a very good night with two unexpected standouts.
--n. bates--

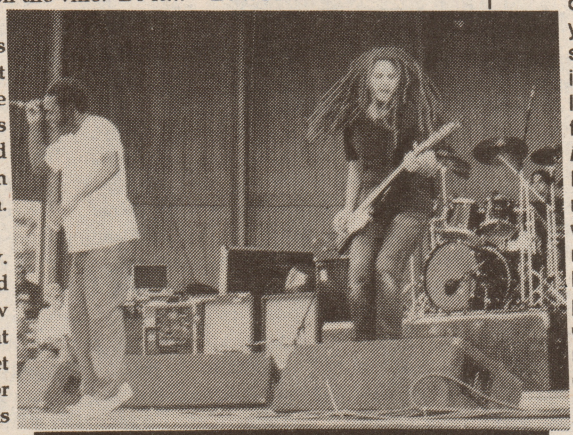
THE WARPED TOUR

Phoenix Plaza Pontiac 8/25/95

QUICKSAND played a surprisingly early set and totally impressed me with their high-energy skree. I liked their **Island Records** release, ***Manic Compression***, earlier this year and seeing 'em live has really converted me. They have an "attack-all-the-time" mode that I find refreshing. Kinda like slammin' your finger in the car door. Pain...whatta rush!!

On a related note, **L7** ran through their program set in a listless, uninspired fashion. Don't get me wrong, I love **L7**, but they didn't quite make it here. It was cool watching the skaters during their set though, people doin' some awesome stuff on a huge half-pipe. Rollerbladers, BMX bikers, skateboarders all in the mix, I caught myself watching the action rather than **L7** after awhile, more interesting.

Local faves, **HOARSE**, closed the show on the main stage with a blistering set of their rapidly developing standards. I've said it before, **HOARSE** are the next big thing, capable of slapping you silly musically. Watching them come up is a satisfying thing, like watching buds ripen on the vine. Do it!!! ***--D. Wood--***



ORANGE 9 MM

Sorry if this review is unprofessional, but much of the time during the show I was running around having too much fun to pay close attention. I apologize.

fluf started the day. They seemed tight and seemed to have a few fans there, but I spent most of their set helping plot a way for my friend to get his skateboard in. Eventually he did and spent most of the day skating in the little skate park area they had set up. I'm not big into skating, and don't really know a thing about it, but I can say for sure that some of those pro skaters/bikers are a hell of a lot more talented than many of the bands, and the whole idea of having something else like this going on should set an example for festivals like this.

WIZO was next. I wasn't too sure about these guys when they played, but throughout the day I thought more about it and I've come to the conclusion that they weren't so bad. Kinda goofy jumpy German punk in a kilt. Coulda been fun, but I don't know if I'd go see them on their own.

ORANGE 9 MM - I have a feeling they're gonna be big fairly soon. I personally don't care for them, but if you like, say, **RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE** or **KORN** you might like these guys. The crowd dug 'em, but I was indifferent.

Then there was **RED 5**. I don't remember too much of them. But I do remember being bored enough to watch the skaters while they played.

Next were **SEAWEED**. I really didn't like them. They came across like a band that belongs at parties in basements where everybody's more involved with their booze than with the band. Sorry **SEAWEED** fans, they annoyed me.

SWINGIN' UTTERS - Pretty straight forward, pretty cool. Neat haircuts. They rock a little.

CIV - I love this band. Great dance music, great attitude. Pretty cool history and, unfortunately, the most bad ass buzz clip on MTV. What?!
--Mazzola--

NO USE FOR A NAME - Way cool pop punk from these California lads. The outdoor setting kind of muted their sound, but it was obvious that they were still as tight, and the chops were still as good, as their previous date at the **Small Planet** in May (see **ETCH #4**). The kids were lappin' up **NUFAN** like mother's milk and the band responded in kind. These cats is cool!

TILT- Rapidly becoming one of my favorite bands on **Fat Wreck Chords**, **TILT** put on a memorable performance. Listening to a punk band whose singer, in this case the talented **Cinder Block**, actually sings is refreshing to say the least. Their music is hook-laden, the lyrics are intelligent and the band's attitude is engaging. This band made a lot of new fans at this show and deservedly so. I can't wait to see 'em again! **--n. bates--**

TILT GIANT'S CHAIR BOY'S LIFE
The Comet Kalamazoo 8/29/95

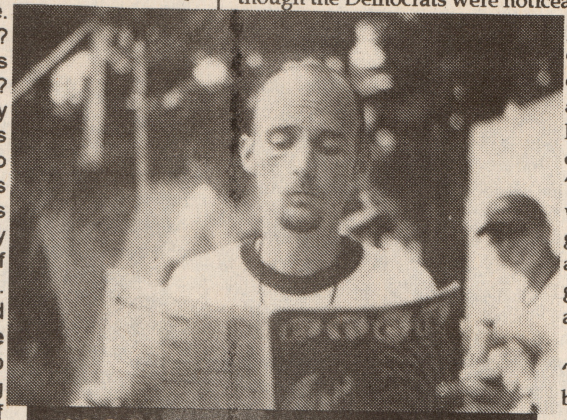
Three bands played the rebellious music of rock. The first almost has the chops. The second possesses a truckload and then some. The third musters nothing much beyond a whimper and a guy rubbing his naked belly across a glass door in time to the music (A little longer and he might of perfected some jazzy off-beat rub).

The no. 1 problem with **BOY'S LIFE** is they care. They care about the environment. Soy. Vegetables. Cows. Chickens. Roosters. Farms. Forests. Crowds. The crowd to them is important. At an all ages hard-core show, bands do not play merely to a raging swarm of youngsters looking for the no holds barred rock of **POCO**. The show melts artist and fan into one spiritual entity. It's divine ionization. A chain-wallet-wearing mass of youths will settle for no less. But, in their hearts **BOY'S LIFE** wanted to rock something fierce. Something wild. Something more akin to ***James Gang Live in Concert***. Let's all shout "*ROCK-N-ROLL*" brothers and sisters. Depressingly, **BOY'S LIFE** hashes out what people want to hear, not what they want to play. Wishy-washy intentions call for wishy-washy music. Their songs reflect the now popular "**Billy Corrigan** meets **FUGAZI**" sensitive dung **CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE** is heavily responsible for. Blah, blah and more blah. This ain't the plague or anything. However, strictly speaking in terms of economics and efficiency, **BOY'S LIFE** should switch to sloppy ramble. Their rhythm section can't handle tight changes from quiet, clean guitar to sudden in-sync bursts of wailing guitar, drums and bass, where the singer starts crying about pain and abandonment. There is hope, remember: no band ever goes without one positive attribute. It was that last song, oh what a song. **BOY'S LIFE** got it. They really got it! It starts with some loose, very loose, guitar. It meanders at a pace which cannot be counted out per say. The group creeps about in disarray. The weak drummer plays up to his drawbacks, uneasily laying down a snare here, a tom there, a cymbal under there. Great stuff. Even better is to witness all the mechanical heads in the crowd which bob to any band's beat, no matter how horrendous, get all knotted up wondering what the hell was going on (it serves them right). When the call for an explosion of sound comes a ringing, **BOY'S LIFE** does not answer (I always wanted to say something like that). Instead, they tighten up oh so slightly, creating what should have happened earlier: tension. When all seems done, it hurls right at you. Bass, guitars and drums collide into each other and race to the end, screwing time. Stop. Now as **Rothchild** told the "Lizard King," old **Jimbo** himself, "*I want to cut that one while you are still hot.*"

One day, kids will say, *"Hey **Justin**, I heard you saw **GIANT'S CHAIR**."* I'll say, *"That's right you little shit. I even own the first pressing of their record, not some **Rhino** reissue you tote around in your goddamn backpack. Now get out of here!"* Rock-n-Roll is attitude, who has got the muscle to pull off the most macho, absurd bullshit and then pass it off as the coolest thing going. **GIANT'S CHAIR** is a power trio of the highest degree, everything **CREAM** wished they could have been. Now they ain't no freedom rock crap. No sir. They're hipper than a pair of frayed jeans on the quad. **GIANT'S CHAIR** pulled off everything **BOY'S LIFE** could have done. For one reason, and one reason only, they've got balls, big ones. Who else, but three big-balled gentlemen, would walk right into a hard-core congregation mix **DRIVE LIKE JEHU's** obsession with the one chord psycho strum with the **AC/DC** destructo riff. Then, as if this wasn't enough, throw in the musicianship and knowledge **SIR LORD**

BALTIMORE (Who?) attained with the power trio, on top. My god, it's all too much. This is rock. Whether or not the crowd calls **GIANT'S CHAIR** out for a reprimand on hard-core's ethics does not matter to them. They rock, to noticeably less people than the previous band at this particular show. But still, it is the rock. I asked a number of people after the show if they liked **GIANT'S CHAIR**, most seemed to reply with some crap about getting a latte outside.

Listening to, and watching **TILT** is comparable to opening the book, ***The 100 Most Influential Gays***. Immediately following the introduction is a drawing of **Socrates**. **Socrates**! The man himself. He's gay and only going one way. That is something a queer can proudly bring to dinner table discussion. Accidentally the book, because of the tight new binding, flips to the third to last profile in the book, **Liberace**. **Liberace**? What the hell is up? Who gives a shit? Sure, cool jewelry, pianos, etc., etc., but doesn't this represent some sort of decline in gay achievement? **Socrates**: one of the greatest thinkers in the history of the human race; **Liberace**: a second-rate Vegas attraction. The author either wanted to get into **Liberace's** trousers, or he was hurting for famous gays. **TILT**, minus fur coats and **Rolls Royce's**, is the **Liberace** of the California pop-punk scene. They are a significant step down from the **Socrates'** of their scene: **DESCENDENTS**, **BAD RELIGION**, etc. The vocals of **TILT's** she-devil wanna-be never boiled up and over the cadaverous sounds of **Natalie Merchant**. And the band? They played, that's all, no roaring, screeching, diving, blasting, blurting, ranting or any other of those choice reviewer words of description. Every one of **TILT's** pop ditties exited the speakers then glided eight feet before falling right at your kicks. But the kids sure do eat it up.



MOBY relaxes with ETCH

Before the end, my man with the scat-propelled-belly showed the crowd another exercise in body part beat poetics. This time, however, he chose an appendage a little lower down. ***Justin Fairer***.

MUFFS LUNACHICKS
St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 9/1/95

Dear **Theo** (**LUNACHICKS**),

I love you like no other woman I've ever loved. The time we spent together was the most special time of my short life. You are a goddess, and the rest of your band is damn cool too. When you dance that little dance and kick up your legs, arms swinging side-to-side, my heart melts. When you pick your nose and offer it to hundreds of people and they turn you down, your disappointment makes me weep. I long for that booger. I long to chase you around the world on foot, sucking the exhaust of the shiny red rental van. I want to be your favorite groupie. I want to be your lovetoy, your sugar nipples, your man. Your punk rock brings me joy like no one else can. You rock. You make me want to dance. I worship you.

Love,

Mazzola.

PS The **MUFFS** were a lot of fun too.

7 SECONDS SHADES APART
St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 9/1/95

Promoting their long-awaited release, ***The Music, the Message***, **7 SECONDS** is once again on tour bringing their politically correct ideals and pulsating pandemonium to the masses of today's youth. Opening band, **SHADES APART**, began the show with a surprisingly bearable cover of the 1980's **SOFT CELL** hit "Tainted Love." This band was definitely a crowd pleaser, creating positive vibes in the air as everyone waited for **7 SECONDS** to appear. To the disappointment of many, they began their set with the unfamiliar notes of their newest release, which had not yet hit the record stores. As time went on, they busted into the sweet sounds of their old tunes, maintaining constant energy. Playing many hits, including "99 Red Balloons," they wrapped up the set with a two song encore. ***Toni Jedlowski.***

EARTHFEST '95
Riverland Park Sterling Heights 9/2/95 & 9/3/95

Earthfest is an activist fair, put on by **Jam Rag** and held at the **Riverland Amusement Park** in Sterling Heights. It featured over 50 booths of various activist groups. There were four separate tables of pro-hemp groups. There was a booth for Libertarians *and* Young Republicans, though the Democrats were noticeably missing. There were pro-life and pro-choice booths, not next to each other (thankfully!), an infant anti-circumcision group, plus the usual assortment of junk jewelry and knick-knack tables. My favorites were the cross-dressers support group, in full "uniform" and the Christian bus, with TV evangelist-like speakers who gathered a rather large crowd as they argued back and forth as to who was going to hell and who wasn't. We are all damned.

The other main feature of **Earthfest '95** was the music. The festival boasted over 80 local acts and they delivered! There were four stages: two electric tents, an acoustic stage and a spoken word area (I didn't spend much time at the spoken word site, though my favorite line that I heard as I passed by was "*Kill yourself...so I can have your job.*"). Since all three music stages ran simultaneously, I had to pick and choose. Admittedly the bands I ended up selecting were electric, female-fronted bands. With so many bands playing, most only got to play three or four songs, though as the day progressed the better known bands were allowed to play up to six songs, so here goes...

I saw **HALF NUDE DUDE** first, playing modern rock. The lead vocalist looked like a **Claire Danes/Ally Sheedy** cross. Their "Monkey Song" was quite energetic and amusing, as they convinced us that man hasn't evolved that much, nor do monkeys stab you in the back. This song is nearly hard-core, as the guitar player hammered away at the strings.

NATIV RAGE vocalist, **Rebecca**, looks like a very young **Grace Slick**, whipping her hair about. A very heavy, tank-like bass creates a sound like...well...think of **HELMET** being fronted by a woman. Favorite song was "You Are What You Wear." Matching red guitars was a nice touch. Their last song disintegrated into a feedback extravaganza, with everyone crashing their instruments about, yanking on strings and tremolo bars. Painful to watch.

THE CHUGARS (pronounced "sugars") featured a female drummer. The lead singer reminded me of **Ronnie Spector**. They came across as one of those sexpot bands in a B-movie that play at the high school before all the kids are about to be hacked to death.

LOVE HAMMER was modern rock with a strong jazz undercurrent and **TRAGICALLY HIP**-like vocals. It was like watching **PERE UBU** in concert.

LEMON JAMES was a hoot. Imagine **Jimi Hendrix** reincarnated as a woman. **Lemon** opened with a scorching "Star Spangled Banner" which led into "Purple Haze." She had on "elephant" bell-bottom pants and a blouse with huge billowing sleeves. Dominant colors of the band were orange, yellow and purple tie-dye and paisley. She played a restrung **Fender** left-handed. Besides the **Hendrix** tribute, her originals were Hendrix-based, feedback soaked blues. There was a lot of hair-whipping and guitar humping as she tried coaxing even more feedback out of her amps, quite a feat given the sound guys kept turning the volume down.

The **MOTOR DOLLS** played the best, tightest, most professional set of the day. The sound guy was bitchin' at **Paula** to turn the sound of her

monitor down, yet she managed to compensate her guitar playing to get the music right. **Dana** had on the coolest "**Hot Wheels**" T-shirt. She's always got her eyes on **Paula**, looking for song cues. **Paula** could easily be an aerobics instructor - I was getting exhausted watching her jump and kick about. No hair-whipping in this band; they all cut their hair! (Geez, I feel like I'm commenting on **Marcia Clark's** hair.) They played my favorite MOTOR DOLLS' songs: "Power," "Little Brother" and "Waco." MOTOR DOLLS and **Lemon James** should be able to permanently shut **Juliana Hatfield** the fuck up about her "girls can't play guitar" comment. Just cuz J.H. hasn't mastered those strings yet is no excuse to accuse anyone else of the same.

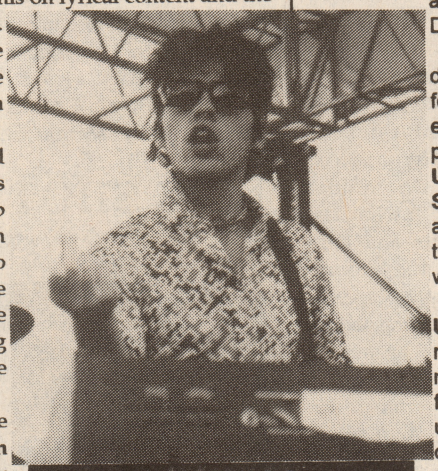
WAKA JAWAKA fit into the jazz-influenced world music category: heavy on the percussion with a drummer, percussionist and a conga player.

MUTHA'S ALCOHOLIC CHOWDAH win "best name" honors. Acoustic blues, jazz and world music. Instrumentation consisted of a flute, acoustic guitar and percussion. The flutist looked like **Daniel Stern**. The only band to give out lyric sheets to sing along with.

LUDDITES live up to their name, anti-electric and anti-machine. Sort of a folksy MIDNIGHT OIL...okay, I base this on lyrical content and the bald lead singer more than the music. Boy/girl vocals were fun as she made animal noises, while he sung "Going to the Slaughterhouse of Love." She barked like a Pekinese in "Japanese Dog."

UNIVERSAL STOMP is a hard-core band skirting the heavy metal boundary. It's mainly a beat and voice, with deep drooling vocals. One song had wah-wah guitars, which is unusual for hard-core. No shirts, mohawks, and goatees, while the guitarist kept smacking himself in the face for some reason. They had the closest thing to a mosh pit in the tent, with people pogoing and crashing into each other.

BLUE ROSE featured three female vocalists, choreographed like a **Motown** act. The lead vocals switch with each song: a 70's blues rocker, a gospel tune and an "Aretha" number. The singer in charge of "Nutbush City Limit" had a voice gruffer than **Bob Segar's**.



BRAINIAC

ILLEGAL had the best drummer, with double kick drums and machine gun hits. I liked the **Chucky** doll taped to the snare. A speed metal trio in the "3M" (MOTORHEAD, MEGADETH, METALLICA) sense. They dedicated a song to **Traci Lords**. When the guitar and bass player stood next to each other and started to whip their hair about in unison, I could only laugh.

Richard Cyr is like the "**Pete Seeger**" of Native Americans. He told the crowd how he was kicked out of Canada twice for questioning government policy on native people in song. In the ultimate irony, he went on late because the power generator for the acoustic stage ran out of gas.

CYMONIC DRIVE was more thundering hard-core. It looked like some of the guys from UNIVERSAL STOMP and ILLEGAL, though I wouldn't bet on it.

SOLID FROG was the best dressed act. The two guitar players on either side of the singer had on powder blue rental tuxedos with bowling pin ties. The vocalist said to us, "I wish you were where I am standing right now. The mic is tingling my lips...I kind of like it!" Good solid rock in the SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE sense, they had to play their hit "Standard Day."

The last band I heard was the THUNDER HARP CHORUS. Being the last act, they played until the sun went down, adding song after song as the audience begged for more. **Chris McCall** is the red haired vocalist who opened for **Patti Smith** and **Allen Ginsberg** last spring. I recognized her fantastic version of "Amazing Grace" right off. She won the local **Star Search** talent contest and it's easy to hear why.

It was a busy day of politics and music and I didn't even see a quarter of all the available possibilities. ***Allen Salyer***.

89X FEST (featuring MOBY, UNWOUND, BRAINIAC)

Phoenix Plaza Amphitheater Pontiac 9/2/95

Having seen **MOBY** twice already this year, I had an idea of what to expect: an exciting set of high speed techno and **MOBY** running around the stage shouting his anthems. However, tonight **MOBY** did little of that saving most of the show for rock star posing. With covers of "Sweet Home Alabama," "Purple Haze" and "Rock-N-Roll," **MOBY** proved he could be just as bad as most 70's rock bands were. Inserting ego for intensity, **MOBY** indulged himself in drum solos and guitar riffs that were the very reason he was probably turned off of the rock scene. Everybody seemed to have a good time at the show, but with the chance to show an audience truly innovative, aggressive music **MOBY** chose the easy route of loud, fast and sloppy. Your hands were made for keyboards, **MOBY**, so put that guitar to sleep! ***---Mike Pfeiffer---***

There are some things in life that should not be missed, even if an alternateen, corporate mainstream radio station with annoying DJs is involved. **UNWOUND** is one of them.

When I arrived at the **89X Fest**, I must admit that I had my doubts. I've never been a big fan of outdoor music festivals for the simple reason that they usually suck, and with the exception of **UNWOUND** and **BRAINIAC**, this festival would prove the same. Luckily I arrived only 20 minutes before **UNWOUND** was to begin their set. On the main stage, some **SOUNDGARDEN** wanna-be fools were finishing their set with a 10 minute guitar solo along with a thousand pretentious thank-yous to their starstruck fans. Good thing **UNWOUND** was up next, I was ready to vomit.

However, from the first note of melodic noise to the last, **UNWOUND** proved to be the great redeemer. With a twenty minute set of driving rhythms, unexpected explosions of noise, along with a unique style of vocals, these noise heroes from Olympia, WA grabbed their audience and didn't let go until the last scream of feedback ended. Later, someone commented that the rain put a damper on things. Funny, I noticed.

After **UNWOUND**, came **BRAINIAC**. Although I'm not the biggest devotee of their music on record, you can't beat watching **BRAINIAC** live. If you're a fan of energy reminiscent of **NATION OF ULYSSES**, along with the sleek style that came with them, then **BRAINIAC** is probably your cup of tea. With about a 30 minute set of quirky and bizarre songs, **BRAINIAC** was definitely a good closer in what seemed to be alternateen hell.

---Chris Harris---

UNCLE CHUCK

Small Planet East Lansing 9/2/95

Lots of potential here, **UNCLE CHUCK** have crafted a tight, heavy sound that puts me in the right frame of mind for punching the balls off **Richard Simmons**, but the band got the shaft by the sub-moronic sound man. I've seen this guy fuck up a few bands now, and it just sickens me. Pathetic, hillbilly loser. Evidently the clueless owners of this silly little establishment are content to let this hillbilly twiddle knobs and generally play with equipment that he knows nothing about. Every time "Jethro" waddled up to the stage to tweak a mic stand I cringed. I believe I'll return to my former policy. That policy was simple...I don't go to the **Small Planet**, and my advice to any band planning to play there would be the same. ***D. Wood***

WALK ON WATER FOREHEAD STEW

St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 9/9/95

Considering that there were more hip events about D-Town, like **Dally in the Alley**, this compilation of alternateen noise was definitely not worth the five dollar cover. But hey, it was 18 and over, so the **Jagermeister** was a plenty. ***Toni Jedlowski.***

DALLY IN THE ALLEY '95

Wayne State University Detroit 9/9/95

This was the 18th annual **Dally In The Alley**, held near the Wayne State University campus in downtown Detroit. The alley was lined with many activist's booths, too many jewelry stalls and a few interesting independent publication tables. There was even a witch that offered readings and "magic bags." Some guy was running around in a **Cat-in-the-Hat** hat. It was very crowded. I go each year to see the local bands. Most of the bands that I wanted to see played late, so I didn't show up until after dark. There was a glorious full moon overhead.

MENTAL LANDSCAPE were loud and pounding. The program guide called them "dark wave" and "cannibal music," but they come across as **WHITE ZOMBIE** wanna-bes, and I mean that in a positive sense. They jumped around and whipped their dreadlocks in a frenzy, shining a train lantern in our eyes. Some girl moshing beside me lost her balance. In an effort to maintain it, she embedded her nails into my back like a cat. Now I get to try and explain this to my wife.

WAKA JAWAKA were next with their spirited world music/jazz sound. The lead singer wore a French Foreign Legion hat and a leather jacket. While I don't usually care for saxophone, **WAKA JAWAKA's** sax player had me mesmerized, playing in a frenetic manner that, at times, sounded like two horns. The guitarist played a real guitar, a blue **Fender**, this time. Oh, wait a minute, he switched guitars halfway through his set....what the hell was that thing? It had no machine head, struts and bars protruded out in odd places, the tuning keys were on the bottom. Well, it sounded cool anyway. They played a super spacey number that I liked best: synths, bells, chimes, moaning, sonic feedback guitars that sounded like a Martian attack or maybe **PINK FLOYD's *Meddle***.

The main reason for going to **Dally In The Alley** was to see **SARTORI CIRCUS**. **SARTORI CIRCUS** is **Russell A. Taylor**, formerly of **FUGITIVE POETRY**, and may currently be Detroit's only known performance artist. Each performance consists of short vignettes that tell a distinct story. This was his third appearance, each time garnering a larger audience as people hear about his act.

Opening with "Mirage," **Sartori** came out on the shoulders of his assistant wearing the largest pair of pants I've ever seen, held up by suspenders. The pants covered his assistant completely. **Sartori's** face was covered in pancake, looking a lot like **Star Trek's Commander Data**. There were a few crotch grabs as he sung *"fiddling with my property."* He was like a 10 foot tall **Leisure Suit Larry**.

Between songs, while **Sartori** was changing outfits, his female assistant put on a silhouette puppet show. The next vignette was called "Prestige." He came out in a nice suit and tie and began singing his *"body is a weapon."* He slowly pulled down his zipper and whipped out a penis. It was a long plastic one, two feet, three feet, four feet...five feet! Standing next to me was a woman with her four children, ages 3 to 8. She made the two girls leave, yet allowed the two boys to stay. I found this ironic, as I think it's the boys that would be traumatized at not being able to meet future expectations. **Sartori** began playing jump rope, hitting his back, swinging the big phallus around.

The next bit featured **Sartori** juggling eggs as a recording in the background explained how this guy refused to wear condoms and ended up financing a dozen abortions. *"If I'd invested in rubbers instead of abortions, I could have that house I wanted."* **Sartori** starts throwing eggs at the audience. Some in the audience returned the favor.

"She's So Pretty" featured **Sartori Circus** dressed in black lingerie - garters, hose, panties and bra - with a multi-colored wig. He performed a slutty striptease for us.

His last piece, "The Killer," was one that everybody there had either seen or at least heard about. **Sartori** is bent over forward, his derriere exposed for all to see, with a huge face drawn on it. Atop that is a wig and a top hat, and draped around his legs is a miniature suit and tie. He had backwards facing shoes and performed a little dance, bouncing and singing. The audience loved it, although mom sent off the little girls again. **Sartori** requested a cigarette and had his assistant stick one in his butt and light it. Actually, it was a clever tube device that allowed him to smoke the cigarette. He asked if anyone wanted a souvenir and spit the ciggie-butt at the audience. The tape deck started to die at this point, running really slow and wobbly, so he continued his act in slo-mo. He then drew a squirt gun and began shooting everyone in the front rows. He ran off the stage to a standing ovation.

Sartori Circus was the envy of every **Beavis** and **Butthead** in the audience. He came back, properly dressed this time, took his bows and told us about his December/January show at **1515 Broadway** this winter and off he went, the audience still cheering. Be sure to check him out at next year's **Dally In The Alley**, held the second week of September. ***Allen Salyer***.

LIVE SHOTS:

Okie dokie. Here's the poop on a number of cool bands that had the misfortune of sharing the bill with dubious bands at best...

TWENTY DEAD FLOWER CHILDREN

1. ***HARMS WAY*** - Played two shows in the Capitol City area recently (**Small Planet** and **Sparty's**). These blokes got their sound down tight - endo smokin' and **LSGH Clan** mojo stoked - There's no mistakin' it when **HARMS WAY** are in the house. "Down in the Mix" will stay in your head for a week.
2. ***SHESSOHUGE*** - The name had me snowed. I figured they'd be some sort of white boy funk crap a la the **RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS**. Uh-uh. Heavy duty riffs over the top of an even heavier thud. They were impressive to say the least. Heck even **Harry K.** was smilin' the whole while, guzzling hooch and head-bobbin'. **Dan Sheridan** at **NooMoon** gets a nod for cluein' me in.
3. ***20 DEAD FLOWER CHILDREN*** - Wow. Young toughs from outside the Murder City playin' grind-core with a nasty bite. The crowd at the **Rockhouse** was kind of leery at first, but after a spell they warmed up to these boys. Very cool use of samples - in the background unlike most bands - and great heavy sound. Keep an eye out for this band. Definitely worth seeing.
4. ***HOARSE*** - Hooks hooks hooks hooks hooks! **D. Wood's** right on the mark with this band. They are going to be HUGE! Plus they're cool people to talk to. One more reason to go to shows again. Support this band.
5. ***MOTOR DOLLS*** - What can I say? I like 'em, they're heavy, and cool people too. These ladies can crank it up with the best of them. Another 'zine (which shall remain nameless) called 'em "cheesy metal." To quote Mr. **D. Wood** again, they "RAWK!"
6. ***MAINSPRING*** - Another shocker. This crew outta Ypsi has the dissonance of **SONIC YOUTH** and the skills and song structure of **HELMET**. It was a pity that the PA was toast 'cause the vox vanished amidst the crank. I'd love to hear 'em with a real PA. Very promising. ***--n. bates--***

ETCH magazine + IMPACT 89FM present

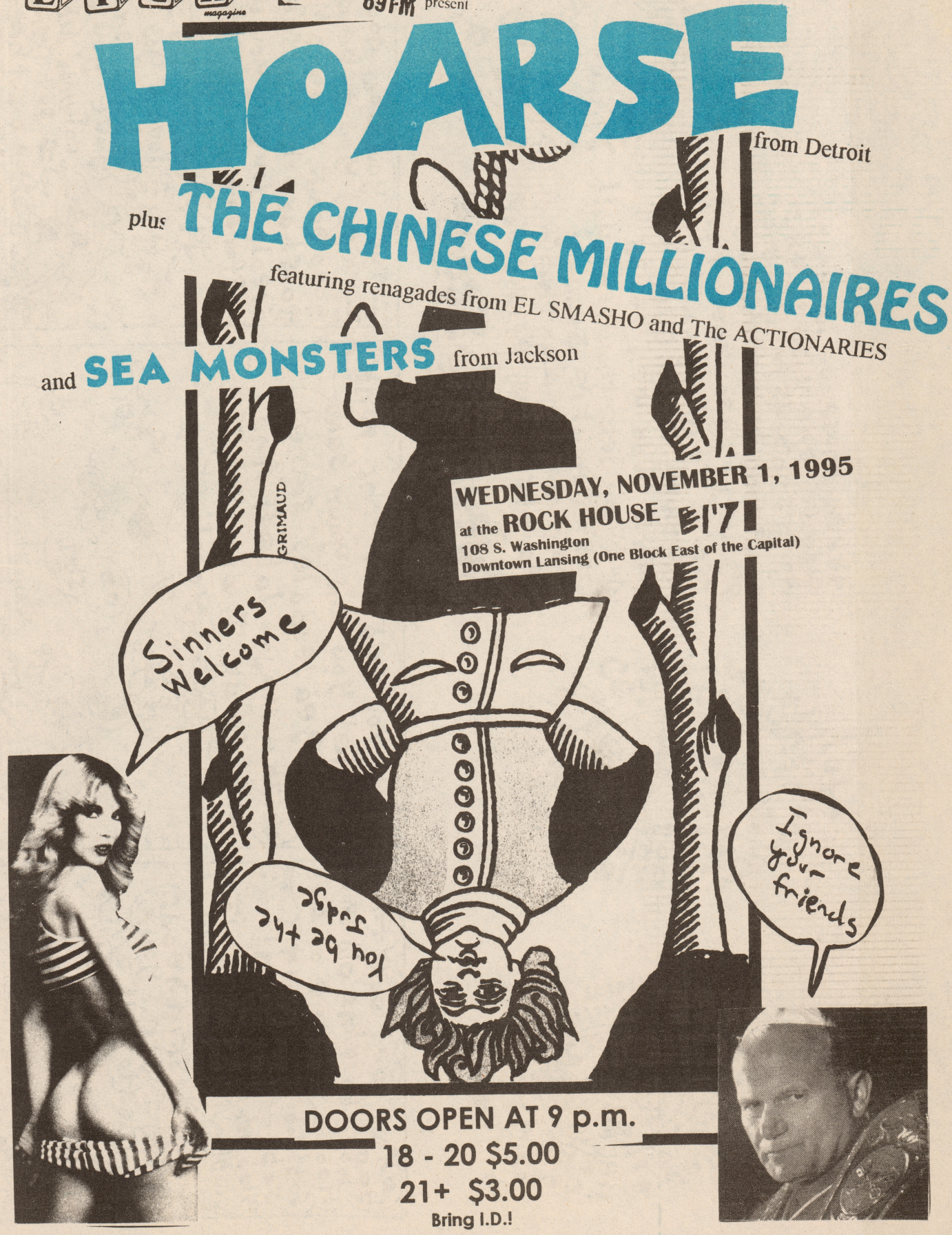
HoARSE

from Detroit

plus **THE CHINESE MILLIONAIRES**

featuring renagades from EL SMASHO and The ACTIONARIES

and **SEA MONSTERS** from Jackson



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1995

at the **ROCK HOUSE** 8|7

108 S. Washington
Downtown Lansing (One Block East of the Capital)

DOORS OPEN AT 9 p.m.

18 - 20 $5.00

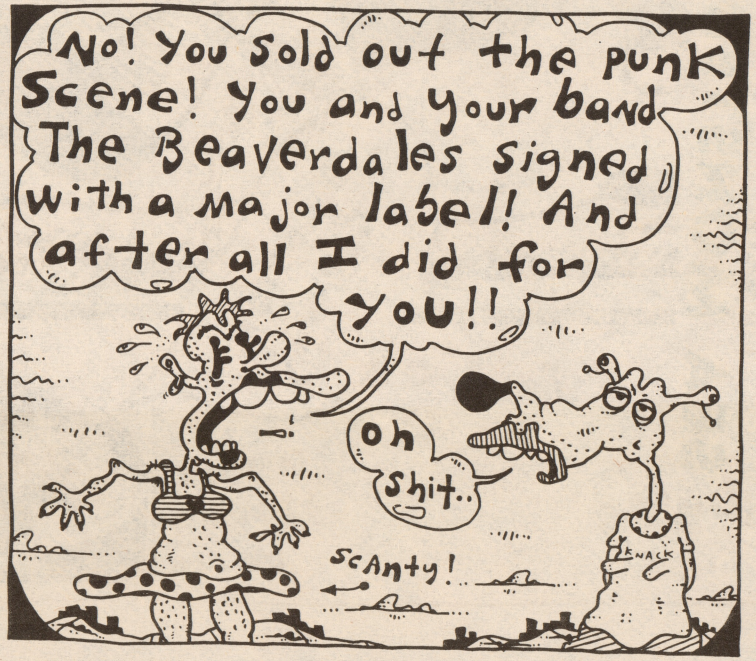
21+ $3.00

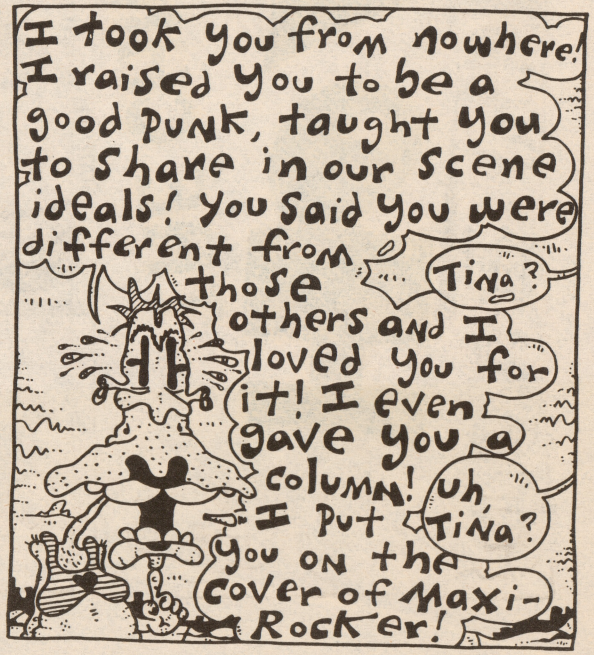
Bring I.D.!

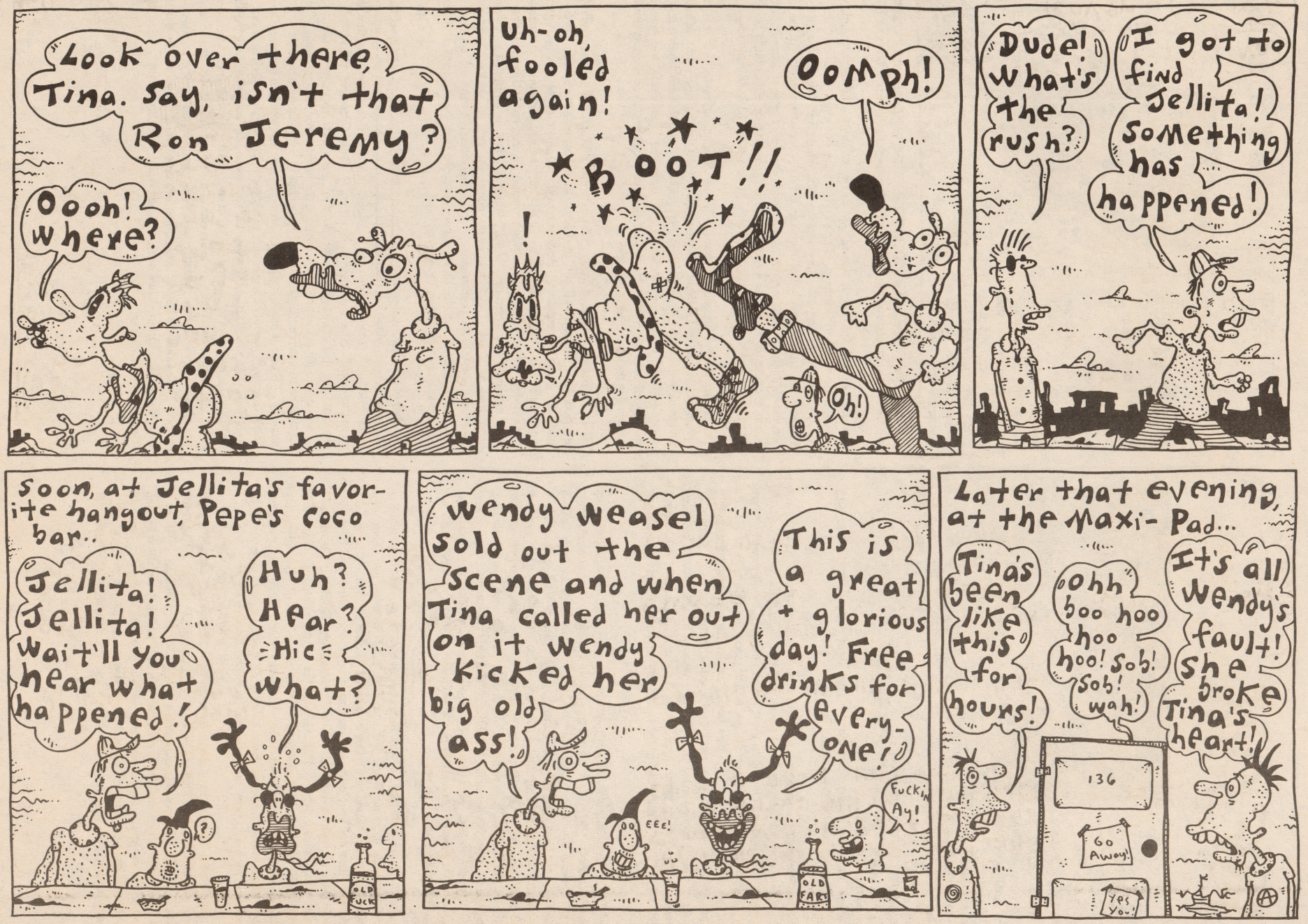
When those we love and care for the most in this world stab us in the back, it is a pain unequaled by any other. When that person turns against everything we've ever believed in as well, it is nothing less than betrayal! Grab a hankie, Spanky, it's time for another heartbreaking episode of:

Queen of the Scene!

with:






Look over there, Tina. Say, isn't that Ron Jeremy?
Oooh! where?
uh-oh, fooled again!
BOOT!!
OOMPH!
Oh!
Dude! What's the rush?
I got to find Jellita! Something has happened!
Soon, at Jellita's favorite hangout, Pepe's coco bar..
Jellita! Jellita! Wait'll you hear what happened!
Huh? Hear? Hic What?
OLD JUCK
Wendy Weasel sold out the scene and when Tina called her out on it wendy kicked her big old ass!
This is a great + glorious day! Free drinks for everyone!
EEE!
Fuckin Ay!
OLD FART
Later that evening, at the Maxi-Pad...
Tina's been like this for hours!
Oohh boo hoo hoo hoo! Sob! Sob! wah!
It's all Wendy's fault! She broke Tina's heart!
136
GO Away!
Yes You

FEAR

KYUSS

"...And The Circus Leaves Town" CD

More in tune with the spirit of Altamont rather than Woodstock, Palm Springs sun-baked, gray and blue drenched treble-less volume monsters hit it again with a nice new slice of desert pie. ***...And The Circus Leaves Town*** is an excellent follow-up to last years dynamic, yet thud ridden, ***Sky Valley***, very much akin to a soft comfortable kick to the melon.

KYUSS ride through the freakin' tar pits dragging listeners gleefully along for the ride, shoutin' about fat girls, head rushes and hell-raising the whole way. If you're conscious enough to be hip to these desert jammers, by all means go buy yourself a 184 oz. cherry slurpee on the house (send the bill care of **ETCH Magazine**). If not, don't cry...this new bomb for the **Elektra** label is a mighty fine starting point,. and as you work backwards through the band's five-star discography, you'll be rewarded in ways only fans of the ***Ed Power's "Dirty Debutantes"*** series can truly appreciate. Splat!!! Splooge!!! Splooey!!! **KYUSS** deliver their motherload in thick, billowy layers of fuzzily wuzzed out THC-laced color bombs.

"Tangy Zizzle" starts out wah-wah soft, but you quickly find yourself knee deep in sludge and headin' down fast. Don't try to hold on, enjoy your descent, smile as **KYUSS** sucks you right outta your stained recliner and into their twisted vortex. Face your fears, you people. Grab that skull-shaped bong packed full of vicious, sticky endo...fire it up and suck like you're trying to suck a golfball through a garden hose. Then smile as your sensibilities disappear, along with any trace of blood type or fingerprints. "Thee Ol' Boozeroony" is a swinging, swaying fast track to the porcelain bowl that you'd be a dink not to covet, "Size Queen" oils you up and feeds your belly and "One Inch Man" is a nod scene insta-classic that doesn't necessarily break any new ground, only the skull that holds in your gray matter.

Please don't let me hear any of you lo-fi indie rock types out there whisper ***"Black Sabbath"***...'cause while it's true that **KYUSS** may use them as a reference (who could blame 'em), this is their thing and all their own. A 90's brain splitter like this can only be welcomed with open arms and legs, I'd especially like to lock **Newt "The Newt" Gingrach**, **Bobbie "Clawhand" Dole** and fiendish ultra-whitey **Phil Gramm** in a room bursting with fully stocked hookah pipes, **Farrah Fawcett** posters and a pair of giant menacing speakers blaring this piece of brain candy. Be funny to see which one cries first. I'd supply them with a complete back catalog of ***Barely Legal*** magazines, so don't holler at me about bein' unfairly cruel to Republicans.

Check out "Photo Tropic" for a zesty spin through the clouds, caught myself dreaming of **BLUE OYSTER CULT** and **FOGHAT** at the ol' **Metro Stadium** a couple of times while listening. **KYUSS** sure as hell kick up a mighty maelstrom of low-end spuzz rock that can only be taken as a good thing. When a band is as right as this, it can make you dizzy in ways ya' never dreamed about. Purple phroggs jumpin' up and down, their tongues slappin' ya' silly, their asses hoppin'...it's just...well...uh...I don't know... **(Elektra)** ***D. Wood.***.

VIVA LAST BLUES

PALACE

"Viva Last Blues" LP

Is **Will Oldham** now a **Dylan/Cohen** hybrid for the 1990's? I can't answer that one definitively either way, but I'm sure this isn't the last time you will read those names checked in reviews of this record. **Oldham** has made a fairly steady progression in the three or four years that **PALACE** has existed, and this latest LP continues in a more modernist direction, at least in comparison to the first single and 12".

In the beginning, **PALACE** was tagged as the work of a hillbilly savant, with songs that seemed to belong to a time other than our own. I always felt that whole shtick was about as on target as was the whole **Sub Pop** campaign to get **TAD** nominated as cannibal of the year six or seven years ago. It has since become clear that **Oldham** didn't really embrace the contrived characterization either, because the music he's recorded subsequent to that initial burst has been far more eclectic than the early word on the band would have allowed for.

This is the second longplayer that has featured what amounts to a real band (which now includes **Oldham's** brother, **Ned**), and that has allowed **Oldham** to stretch himself musically. It's clear that **PALACE** is **Oldham's** baby, but this record (as well as the ***Palace Songs*** E.P. from last year) finds the musicians playing off each other, which is something that might not have been as much in evidence in the earlier incarnations.

Viva Last Blues is a varied work stylistically, as **PALACE's** palate continues to broaden. The listener will still find some of the Appalachian melancholy that made the group's reputation. However, you can also hear a singer/songwriter-type tune like "The Mountain Low," in which **Oldham** contemplates "knowledge" of the Earth in a biblical sense. Press on further still, and you come across "Work Hard/Play Hard," which is about as animated as I've ever heard **PALACE** get. This would be my choice for best cut on the album, as the effort on display in the performance corresponds directly to the subject matter, if you get my drift. Overall, it's an engaging record that bears repeated listening in order to truly "get" what's going on.

So what of my rhetorical question in the beginning of this little discussion? **Oldham** has indisputably moved in a direction that puts his work more squarely in the "modern" singer/songwriter tradition. The fact that he explores that side more thoroughly these days than some others is likely to produce more pigeonholing, just in a slightly different hole. ***Viva Last Blues*** is the work of someone who is very capable of surprising the listener from song to song. To say that he's incorporating different approaches to songwriting would be accurate. To take it much further (i.e. to suggest he's looking to remake ***Slow Train Coming***) would be a mistake, in my judgment. My gut feeling is that each **PALACE** release is going to appear to be coming out of leftfield, because **Oldham** doesn't seem to like the notion of overstaying his welcome, wherever that might be at a given time. This is one of the musicians that the astute among you should keep an eye on, because something great almost always seems to happen. **Will Oldham** has a distinct musical voice, and it doesn't really matter what decade he's mining. Just one question, **Will**: What's up with the cover ? **(Drag City)** ***C. Fuller.***

LUC VAN ACKER ***Taking Snapshots, Vol. 1*** **CD**
Luc Van Acker, widely known as "the fat guy that plays guitar in **REVOLTING COCKS**," helped redefine the electronic/industrial movement of the 80's. Along with **Al Jourgensen** of **MINISTRY**, he produced bands like the **YOUNG GODS**, throwing guitar, menacing vocals and disco backbeats into the industrial playground. However, before he did all this, he was an isolated teenager making music in his bedroom with a four-track and dreams of being a rock star. ***Taking Snapshots, Vol. 1*** is a collection of these ancient recordings. The 18 titles on ***...Snapshots*** aren't really songs, just glimpses into the making of an icon. Unfortunately, the minimal music, distorted vocals and keyboard loops, are only appealing to industrial enthusiasts that can grasp the visions presented. **(Fifth Colvmn Records)** *Mike Pfeiffer.*

A.F.I. ***Answer That & Stay Fashionable*** **CD**
East Bay hardcore. Very tight, very melodic. Cool vocal harmonics. The lyrics are intelligent and humorous at the same time. There are some Brit. overtones, but this is all-American HC. I applaud them for releasing a quality hardcore (no oxymoron this time) CD. **(Wingnut Records)** *n. bates.*

ALICE DONUT ***Pure Acid Park*** **CD**
It is truly unfortunate when an established band makes a radical stylistic change. I had to check this CD three times to make sure I hadn't put in the new **FLAMING LIPS** CD, as this is a ringer for the aforementioned band's latest understanding. I was sincerely hoping I could highly recommend seeing this band in a live setting, as they have always been extremely entertaining. Unfortunately, this is not the same **ALICE DONUT** anyone has become accustomed to, the trombone and banjo are still present, but I wonder if the energy is still there. Even the cover of **Roky Erickson's** "I Walked with a Zombie" is pathetic. **R.E.M.'s** cover on the **13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS** tribute, ***Where the Pyramid Meets the Eye***, is better. Whatever. **(Alternative Tentacles)** *Pants Mulligan.*

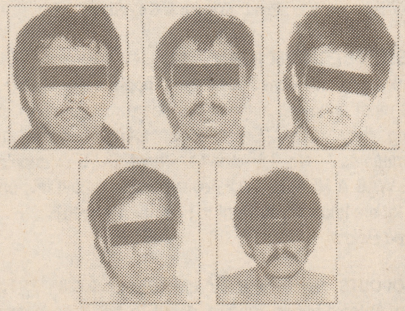
BABYLAND ***A Total Let Down*** **CD**
Electro-Tech Industrial with an emphasis on percussion. Slap drumming that feels like falling face first into a trampoline. "The Next Day in the Course of Time" uses some very heavy African drum rhythms. I liked the vocals on "Plain Talk," a song about doublespeak, i.e., lying with a deceptive use of language. "Cop Out" is a great song about apathy and "Kill Bugs" is about the suppression of women through exclusion, ignorance and just plain not listening. **BABYLAND's** lyrics are very intense and to the point. **(Flipside Records)** *Allen Salyer.*

BANTAM ROOSTER ***Second Demo*** **CS**
Anybody who witnessed the stellar performance given by this duo opening for **MULE** in East Lansing about a month back will not be surprised at the sheer excellence exhibited on this nine-song collection of all new tracks. Considering the distribution pattern of this magazine, it's doubtful many of you reading this have any idea what I am talking about. You will soon, God willing. Suffice it to say that the **ROOSTER** ought to be considered in a league with the best our fair state has to offer. In fact, during the show referenced above, they managed to outshine the boys from Detroit, which is saying a mouthful, believe me. This one is in a punkier vein than its predecessor (read: ***Back From the Grave***, not **NEGATIVE APPROACH**), which appears to work quite well married to the ruralisms they push. The drumming is outstanding, and **Potter** wrote more good riffs in the two weeks he spent putting this thing together than in the rest of his life combined. That's not intended as an insult, but rather as a testament to exactly how good this is. "Ain't Gonna Touch You," "Garage Rapture," and "Theme from Bantam Rooster" appear to be the overall winners here, but the rest isn't exactly shabby by a long shot. Publicly available recorded product is due soon, so consider this advanced notice to hop on the bandwagon now. After all, **Potter's** already seen 26 Michigan winters; how many more can he possibly make it through? *C. Fuller*

BATTERY **s/t** **CD**
Even though it got rave reviews, this conglomeration of techno mayhem, and computer noises mingled with gaps of noiselessness, is only worthwhile if you like music that plays acid-like mind games. **(Cop International)** *Toni Jedlowski.*

BLACK RAIN ***1.0*** **CD**
This soundtrack provides the listener with a binge and purge of industrial drum beats, spoken cyberpunk-y lyrics and other evil sounding programmed stuff. Not as heavy as **NITZER EBB** or **THROBBING GRISTLE**, **BLACK RAIN** attempts to capture the synthetic terror the latter possess. ***1.0*** is used in the film adaptation of **William Gibson's** ***Johnny Mnemonic*** released by **Tri-Star Columbia/Sony** with **Ice-T** and pretty boy bass player **Keanu Reeves**. Fans of the film ***Neuromancer*** will find the bulk of that soundtrack on ***1.0*** also, most of it read by **Gibson** himself. The complete CD sets the listener in a state ready for a futuristic apocalypse in true ***Blade Runner*** fashion. A wide range of basic effects are used: rain (LOTS), misc. smashing metal sounds, tons of foreign language chatter played forward and backward, gentle finger on guitar, cash register and telephone noises, car engines up and down everywhere, and an evil **HELMET**-like guitar riff towards the end. If you feel up to reliving some scenes from ***Robo Cop*** or the folks can't stomach **SKIINNY PUPPY** anymore, try something light and refreshing like **BLACK RAIN**. **(Fifth Colvmn)** *Surdu.*

THE BLAZERS ***East Side Soul*** **CD**
Things are gettin' outta hand here. Four brothers from East LA managing to pump out some pure R-N-R here a la **LOS LOBOS** (produced by **Cesar Rosas**). Shit-kickin' barroom brawl stuff to convert any non-believer into requesting that dish extra hot. The sound captured is straight with no lime. This is a party in itself to say the least. Viva la raza! Viva **LA BLAZERS!** **(Rounder)** *Bryan Ramirez.*



Brujeria

BRUJERIA ***Raza Odiada*** **CD**
Best press kit I've read in a while, **BRUJERIA** are supposedly big-time drug lords in their native Mexico. They're tight with the Medellin Cartel, and even attended **Carlos Escobar's** funeral. The **D.E.A.** wants to catch up with these guys, who've recently made some advances in drug smuggling technology. Through their underground connections, the band has acquired their own submarines and are using them to smuggle contraband into the U.S.. Unknown sources have informed the L.A.P.D. that **BRUJERIA** know something about the **Simpson** murders. It seems that members of **BRUJERIA** were offered the murder weapon in exchange for a small amount of drugs. Oh the music? Absolutely blazin' Mexican thrash and burn. Recommended! **(Roadrunner)** *D. Wood.*

THE BUCKET ***Jams and Preserves*** **CS**
Smooth, funky, seductive music professionally done a la **GROOVE SPOON**. White **P-FUNK** with **MICHAEL JACKSON** yelps. Wah-Wah guitars, female harmonies and a person who raps over a few tracks. Well. Is this your bag? If it is, let's talk for a while to find out what the fuck is wrong with your head. **(THE BUCKET** PO Box 4312 Ann Arbor, MI 48106) *Bryan Ramirez.*

BUZZKILL ***Tooth-Sole*** **CD**
The kicked-in-the-face art by **Gina** is pretty indicative of the music. Quite a bit of sound out of this simple three-piece set. *"He said he was sorry / It would never happen again / Not to you girl / You forgave him..."* repeated over snarling guitar with tense string pulls that gives punch to "Domestic violence." A lot of the lyrics are repeated endlessly in these songs for effect, like *"I'm yappin' / I'm yappin'"* in "The Yapper," a song about people who talk endlessly about nothing. I like the clever wordplay in "Now I'm Sick" as well as the bouncy guitar licks. A peek in their private "Diary" where all the deep dark secrets are held. Creep guitar makes "I Want Your Body" sound more like a song about body-snatching than lust. It's one of those albums that makes you pogo whilst cleaning the garage. **(Tee Pee Records)** *Allen Salyer.*

CATHEDRAL ***The Carnival Bizarre*** **CD**
They might have called this ***Volume 5*** and really let everybody know upfront what this is all about. They even recruited **Mr. Iommi** to guest-solo on some cuts, just so you know they're serious. Thing is, I understand completely where this bunch of teabags are coming from, because my **SABBATH** jones never went away either. Pegged as originators of "doom-core," **CATHEDRAL** have finally put together an album that their heroes would be proud to call their own (or at least would not be totally embarrassed by). Gone is the supposedly disco-inspired drumming that marred much of ***The Ethereal Mirror*** (their last full-length). Instead, **CATHEDRAL** just gets down to riffing, and boy do they have some riffs. They understand that "heaviness" has zero to do with volume or speed, but a lot to do with feel and space. With lots of great songs (highlighted by the keyboard driven "Night of the Seagull") augmented by plenty of ridiculous supernatural mumbo-jumbo, ***The Carnival Bizarre*** is well worth your time if you can't get enough quaalude-fuled downer rock. I'll bet they love you all. **(Earache)** *C. Fuller.*

CHELSEA ***We Dare*** **7" EP**
These Brit. punk oldsters are back, crankin' out the sing-along punk just like in the good ol' days. The a-side, "We Dare," is sung in German with the Oi-like chorus, "*We Dare*," song in English. The b-side features two "live" numbers recorded last fall in Deutschland. "What's Wrong with You" more of the same as above - this time in English. The other song is **CHELSEA's** legendary anthem "Right to Work." It's good to see **Gene October** is still around. If you're a fan of old-style punk or Oi, buy this. **(Weser Label)** *n. bates.*

COLD CRANK "Eat It" b/w "My Hand" + "Living Dead" 7"
The color of the clear, red vinyl added to the quality of this 7". The music is hard-driving in a sort of **"Al Jourgensen"** way. If you like **MINISTRY**, you'll like **COLD CRANK**. **(The Caustic Fish Co.)** *Collin D.*

COSMIC PSYCHOS *Self Totalled* CD
The "blokes you can trust" are back with 10 tunes of sludge-core from the Land of Oz. Thick, distorted, heavy, this CD is an unrelenting jackhammer of beer induced mayhem. You want attitude? **COSMIC PSYCHOS** got it in spades. This CD is best enjoyed very, very loud. This is in-your-face, wide body, butt kicking' skronk. The lyrics are silly (as usual), but that's part of their charm. Very good stuff boys-n-girls. **(Amphetamine Reptile)** *n. bates.*

CROWN ROAST s/t 7"
Not the usual **Unclean** fare (at least what I've been exposed to...), **CROWN ROAST** sport more of a modernist approach than most of their labelmates. The A side apparently features "foul" phone messages (supposedly) in lieu of vocal tracks, but as usual that's just a sideshow. The band itself is solid, demonstrating a respectable grasp of rock basics. I'm sure they get tagged as a "noise" band (when you cover **DRUNKS WITH GUNS**, it's more or less inevitable), but I'm not here to call names. Suffice it to say that the tunes are repetitive and loud, but with enough slight hints of a groove to make for passable listening if you happen to have some change burning a hole in your pocket. **(Unclean Records)** *C. Fuller.*

THE DANDY WARHOLS s/t CD
Heavy hollow drums behind mid-range distorted guitar and lazy, harmonizing vocals. Just about every guitar effect is applied throughout this thing, from delay to phase shifter to genuinely 60's sounding reverb. It all fits, nothing over nor underdone. The overall package can be labeled easily as pop, it's certainly radio ready but maintains another kind of coolness from, dare I say, the real **Warhol** days, obvious **VELVET UNDERGROUND** influence. Most of the songs could easily be **CATHERINE WHEEL**, subtract about half the drama with a sharper poppy sound, but somehow it works. Really catchy, nothing new. **THE DANDY WARHOLS** are incredibly easy to listen to. The first track, their TV THEME is a total shower jam for those of you who enjoy the acoustics that only the john, in most homes, can provide. **THE DANDY WARHOLS** pump the edgy pop thing for all it's worth, they deliver a genuine tubey sound with all the right dressings. **(Tim Kerr Records)** *Surdu.*

DEAD EYE DICK *Whirl* CD
Headed straight for college radio, these guys have the whole rock/harmony "hit" formula thing figured out. **D.E.D.** play cliched rock songs which borrow from many influences ranging from **Bryan Adams** to **BUFFALO TOM**. Sorry, but I'm not biting this hook. **(Ichiban International)** *CBH3.*

DIRTCLODFIGHT *Suffer The Aftertaste* CD
Phil Merwin has a high voice. **DIRTCLODFIGHT** is what you'd get if **Frank Black** sang grunge. Just listen to "Song for an Asthmatic," you'll hear it. I like the deep sounds of songs like "...And Crammed" and "Mirror Liquor." "Everyday: The Laundry" is the best song musically and lyrically - everybody can sympathize with those never ending chores. I think it's clever that they followed it with "O, The Filth of It All." "Feel Free to Gape," you have their permission. **(Flipside)** *Allen Salyer.*

DIRT MERCHANTS *Scarified* CS
So. I guess **PJ Harvey** reigns in the hearts of many. Whatever, I thought ***Dry*** had some choice cuts and I heard a great bootleg but that's about it. **DIRT MERCHANTS** attempt to achieve some of **Harvey's** qualifications more vocally than musically, but not doing it, just a little too noticing. Sure it works in some areas, but the gaps are too wide. They should put the pot on boil rather than simmer, cuz the outcome will taste bland. **(Zero Hour)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

DIRTY THREE s/t CD
A recorded rarity for these backwoods babies that now have Australia's third biggest release under their weathered belts. Their live experience is a truly prized thing, this release manages to capture some of the volatile emotion poised with the clever calmness and spontaneity they are modestly famous for while performing. Too folky to be categorized simply as jazz-punk, the **DIRTY THREE** give birth to a kinder, gentler musical beast that is far from background music, given their technical talent and incorporation of a bucketload of styles. They have opened for many a popular act, including **RICKIE LEE JONES, HENRY ROLLINS, BECK, JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION,** some especially well-received dates with **NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS** in Greece and Israel, **JOHN CALE, PAVEMENT**, even the **BEASTIE BOYS**, to cut the list short, all lacking a U.S. label or publicist. The recording cannot be picked apart on paper by this novice, rather a hearty GO OUT AND GET IT will do. Check out ***Sad & Dangerous*** on **Poon Village/Forced Exposure**, possibly available only on vinyl, along with any performances you are lucky enough to attend. **(Touch & Go)** *Surdu.*

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN ! CD
Herky-jerky self-consciously weird pop-punk, with one of the most annoying singers I've heard in years. In one song they claim *"Even Christ told a cripple joke sometimes."* No, He didn't. Christ CURED cripples. HE WAS A HEALER! I'll never be able to sell this one, so let me know if you want to hear it. **(DeSoto)** *Fred Beldin.*

DROPOUTS "Bye Bye, Baby" b/w "Bad Luck Cat" 7" This San Antonio-based group's debut is billed as a "wild" R&B excursion, and that's more or less accurate in descriptive terms. They feature a little harp on the A side, and both cuts have a rumble down below that is more developed than many of their fellow travelers (hence their claim of "R&B" status, as opposed to p-rock). This single is okay, but, as with many bands operating in this general sonic milieu these days, not jaw dropping. The B connected a little more, mostly because it has some get up and go. I imagine they're pretty swell in the flesh, and I'll bet they're capable of recording better efforts than this in the future. **(Unclean)** *C. Fuller.*

88 FINGERS LOUIE *Behind Bars* CD
After three sevens and a 10", these cats have finally put out a full length and thank God they did. These Chicago skate punks crank out the HC like nobody's business. This stuff is skin tight and well written, as well as excellently played. **88 FINGERS LOUIE** definitely have their chops down. The 12 tunes zip along like a whirling dervish. Good stuff, gang. Two thumbs up! **(Hopeless)** *n. bates.*

FEAST UPON CACTUS THORNS s/t CD
Longtime Arizona punk outfit, **FEAST UPON CACTUS THORNS**, play their own unique variety of anthems for disaffected youth. The production is a wee bit on the light side for my tastes. Maybe I'm a purist, maybe I don't like the low-fi shtick (production). This CD is on I want to like, but it comes up short. Sorry fellas. **(West World)** *n. bates*

FINGERS s/t CD
Here's a weird one out of Ann Arbor. Not freak-weird, but 15 years too late weird. If you're one of those obscure 70's record collectors, then you've seen those LP covers that looked as if they hired their little sister to do the artwork in five minutes with a magic marker. Well, I love that and, yes, the cover looks like that. The music is uninfluenced by anything remotely modern, which is good, but the disc sounds terrible, due to the bad mix perhaps. I'm reminded of goofy classic rock (all I ever listen to on the radio) which is another plus. But overall, I don't know...I'll tell you what, if you run into me, ask me a bout a Florida band named **INTRUSION**, then I'll gladly go into it deeper. **(Tencious)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

FLESHTONES *Laboratory of Sound* CD
Oh yeah, those fleshy dudes are back with that aging singer **Peter Zaremba**, playing straight ahead rawk with harmonicas, hand claps, power chords and hummable tunes. This is the kind of music that even if you were dead as a doornail, yer foot would still be tapping if they played it in the FUNeral home. **(Ichiban International)** *CBH3.*

FUDGE TUNNEL *In A Word* CD
In A Word is a compilation of unreleased and hard to find songs. 15 tracks of total attack. Love it. I've always liked this band okay, but never enough to buy any of it. I saw them live a couple years back and still wasn't hugely impressed, but this disc kicks. Kinda makes me wish I was paying more attention in the past. **(Earache Records)** *Mazzola.*

GEM *Hexed* CD
GEM is a relatively new (at least in terms of existing as a real band) act fronted by **Doug Gillard**. **Mr. Gillard** is an alumnus of the kings of under - appreciation, **DEATH OF SAMANTHA**, who were a wonderfully skewed '80s group from Cleveland. He also plays in **COBRA VERDE**, which is more or less a continuation of **DoS**, at least in personnel if not sonically. Others in **GEM** have played in such notable efforts as **PRISONSHAKE** and **MY DAD IS DEAD**. All of the above should demonstrate that **GEM** has a pedigree that ought to convince the smart guys out there to listen up.

The record is similar to the recent (and wonderful) **COBRA VERDE** product in one respect. Most of the cuts are roughed-up rock that swings along nicely. However, every once in awhile, a melody comes out of left field, and, before you know it, you're hooked. On the **CV** record, it was "Montenegro." Here, it's "Only a Loan." That's not to say that the two acts are identical

by any means. **GEM** is a bit more conventional in terms of song structure and dynamics, as they come at the listener straight ahead in both respects. Nicely done, gentlemen. **(Restless)** *C. Fuller.*

GOOD RIDDANCE "For God & Country" CD
Whoa Nelly! Okay, this has been out a while now, but HO-LEE-KATZ! Total ass-whuppin' hard-core with great lyrics, great tunes, great everything. Someone at **Fat Wreck Chords** is a genius. **Harry K.** says he figures **Fat**'ll be the next **Epitaph**. I agree, esp. if they keep puttin' out quality prods like this. This is one great punk rock record. There's old school, Brit.-punk, SoCal mixed together to make a very memorable record. This gets lots o' plays on the **Bates** stereo, believe me. Thank you Jesus for giving me punk rock, and thank you **Fat Wreck Chords** for releasing this gem. Go get this puppy! **(Fat Wreck Chords)** *n. bates.*

THE GOLDENTONES 7" EP
Great surf-rock single that'll make you wanna go for a long drive. Very well produced by **Mr. Al Sutton** at the **White Room Studios**, it has a nice fat vintage feel that would fit into any **Hawaii Five-O** scenario you might imagine. Book 'em Dan-O! **(Icon Records)** *D. Wood.*

GREENELLA "Short Fuse" b/w "Gift of Not Giving" 7"
This is a pretty good band, with pop-punk sensibilities and good song formulas. Worth looking into. **(Rise Records)** *Collin D.*

GROVER *My Wild Life* CD
Angie Carlson is what **Courtney Love** would be like if the darling **Ms. Love** had a crystal clear voice and no soap opera hype. **Carlson's** accent sounds slightly Trans.-Atlantic, yet she hails from Minnesota. She was originally in **LET'S ACTIVE**, drummer **Chris Phillips** was in the hard-core band **SUBCULTURE** and bass player **Dave Burris** is a **VELDT** refugee. The best songs are those with guest, ex-**LET'S ACTIVE** bass player **Mitch Easter**, as his chunky pneumatic bass adds lots of bottom and an extra depth to the songs. Favorites are "Damaged Girl" and the born-without-skin, desensitized "Anesthesia." I like the way the guitar struggles to make its presence known in "Heavy Past." On "I'm Dreaming," **Angie** sings with the charm of **BLONDIE's Debbie Harry**. Could dare to be a little wilder, but pleasant enough. **(Zero Hour)** *Allen Salyer.*

MERLE HAGGARD *Anthology (1963-1977)* Dbl. CD
Merle Haggard's been musically wrasslin' with his soul for the last 32 years. Before that his life was a dark streak of juvenile detention centers, bad marriages, and, finally, San Quentin. So when the man sings about life, death, defeat, hope, etc., there ain't no questions as to his qualifications. He is, without question, the most important country artist to emerge from the 60's. **Merle** doesn't always offer happy endings, all he's ever offered was (is) himself.

So here's the best of the first 2/3rds of his career and, there's no doubt, these 40 songs are some of the best in country music. **Haggard's** one of the few men fit to fill **Hank William's** shoes. Whatever you have to pay for this double CD set do it. A wiser investment you'll never make. **(Razor & Tie)** *T. Jack*

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS SHOW *Instant Living* CD
For some god-awful reason, I thought this was some Brit. band with one of the guys from **LOOP** (you know them as the band that couldn't get a **Neil Young** song right). Wrong Wrong Wrong. **HHS** is very American with former **BONGO James Mastro** at the helm. I'm stunned. There hasn't been one bad song thrown my way. The songwriting, in terms of straight rock with a bit of good time country added, is excellent. This beats just about everything that's come out in a while from that **R.E.M.**-tagged camp (it even beats **R.E.M.'s** last several releases). **Gene Holder** (ex-**db's**) produced this and **Richard Lloyd** sits in on a few songs. This has got to be **Mastro's** big break or there is something wrong with this world. **(Bar/None)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

HEIKE *Precious Underground* CS
This is a mature -- well written -- piece o' pop. They come at you from the p-rock scene, yet they write songs that far outstrip that genre. Tons of hooks-n-harmonies, male-female vox and smart lyrics add up to a wonderful cassette. Furthermore they toss in a nice chunk of live material as a bonus. My hope is that when they record again, they do it in a better studio (the drums sound like cardboard) and put out a CD. Until then, I'll have to be satisfied playing the daylights out of this tape. Impressive. **(Mutant Renegade Records)** *n. bates.*

HOARSE "Diamond" b/w "Bouncing Checks" 7"
Second single on **Lame Records** for these Detroit atom smashers and the happy news here is that it's a blazin', absolutely ferocious slab of wax capable of spontaneous combustion. Nice to see the already fruitful Detroit rock scene get even more interesting, **HOARSE** are as punchy and as full of piss as you might expect and then some. "Diamond" is a full-on pleasure zone, zippin' right along at a healthy clip, featuring some dynamic guitar work and righteous vocals from **Speck**. It's already a big hit getting some prime rotations on **89X** and **96.3 The Planet**, this is the part where **Jimmy Walker** steps up wearin' red long-johns, slaps his meaty hands together and yells *"Dy-no-mite!!!"* Drummer **Jimmy Paluzzi** is a goddamn world beater of epic proportions, kickin' it in a direct, chest-thumpin' fashion. **Robbie Doom** slides his way through some greasy, bumpy, ass-jumpy bass lines that'll make you smile like your dad does when that new copy of ***Gent*** arrives each month. Beating the plywood with a firm hand is not always as easy a proposition as it may seem, but **Robert** does it with a grace and ease that frankly makes me jealous. It's a simple formula folks, loads of talent, excellent songwriting and a dynamic sound leads to nothing but good things. Very highly recommended. **(Lame Records)** *D. Wood.*

IGLOO "Beet Red" b/w "Banana Seat" + "Hum" 7"
The A-side features dueling gender vocalization, which tops a pleasant-enough little tune. Reminds me a bit of **SUPERCHUNK** (I'm sure **IGLOO** will be thrilled by that comparison!), in that pop elements are emphasized in material that moves in a vaguely rockish way. The flip cuts are just as catchy, with just enough of a ragged instrumental touch (particularly guitar) to result in **IGLOO** being charming rather than irritating. **(Trout Records)** *C. Fuller.*

INHALANTS "Charlie is an Icon" b/w "It Was Hyper Real" 7" "Kill You" b/w "Automatic Pilot" 7"
INHALANTS are a Texas band that plays p-rock that's not quite placable in any of the usual period piece boxes ('66, '77, '81, etc.). This is probably a plus. Rudimentary beats topped by slashing, careening guitar and "snotty" vocals can add up to a decent mix if it's done by the right people. Both of these singles are nice examples of the aforementioned that, while failing to be earth-shaking, nevertheless manage to entertain in short, sharp bursts. The **Unclean** single is a little rawer, if that sort of thing matters to you. It also has the better tunes, which should matter. **(Rise Records, Unclean)** *C. Fuller.*

KEPONE *Skin* CD
This is at least as bad as the **T&G** debut, if not worse simply by "virtue" of the presence of even more material than the first one contained. Tired ass white boy funk-isms are not exactly what the doctor ordered, but that's what **KEPONE** is serving up. We recently received three **T&G** discs, and it is a telling sign of how far things have sunk that the only one with any merit at **all** was a re-release of a record originally done eight years ago. I'm sure **KEPONE** are a wonderful bunch of fellas, but there's no way on God's green earth they should be foisting this bullshit on the public. One step further into irrelevancy goes a label that once was nearly infallible **(VIRGIN PRUNES** excepted, of course). I'm sure you might appreciate a little more hands-on insight into the particulars of the band's sound, but I'm so tired of "rock" that doesn't rock that I really can't compel myself to give you any. This label has a few acts that are moderately interesting, but only a couple that get anywhere near compelling or mandatory. **KEPONE** falls into the larger category of **T&G** bands that no one need waste any time nor money on. The most distressing part of all this is that most of the latter bands are the newest signings to the label. I spy, with my little eye: Mediocrity. **(Touch-N-GO)** *C. Fuller.*

LAIKA & THE COSMONAUTS *The Amazing Colossal Band* CD
Surf music at its finest. This band is good to the last song. They remind me of the **VENTURES**, with some really probing keyboard sounds. If you want to hear a truly good band buy this, 'cause you won't hear it on the **Edge**. **(Upstart Records)** *C. Dupuis.*

LAUGHING HYENAS *Covers* Dbl 7"
My favorite band is good again (I'll pretend ***Crawl*** never happened) and this bizarre double 7" package of live/rehearsal/compilation tracks proves it. Righteous versions of "Under My Thumb" and "I Want You Right Now," a decent **SCIENTISTS** cover and **Brannon's** inspired bellowing of **John Lee Hooker's** "Serves Me Right To Suffer," makes this easily worth the five bucks I paid. Great Xerox layout too. High contrast makes **Larissa** look about 10 years younger. The **HYENAS** are Michigan's only true Rock Stars. **(Bootleg)** *Fred Beldin.*

LAUGHING HYENAS *Merry Go Round* CD
"Important" is a descriptive term that is almost certainly overused, particularly in regard to music. Very little of it is actually difference-making, because so few musicians or bands have the balls to become trailblazers. This record, now on disc for those who were late to the table the first time around, is the exception.

The **LAUGHING HYENAS** had been a band about 2 years when this record first saw the light of day. This, after lineup changes (drummer) and label hassles, was the product of a band waiting to explode, and explode they did. They had recorded a demo prior to ***Merry Go Round*** that is still considered a classic (some would say even superior to what's contained on the formal debut) by those who have heard it. That's what prompted the **Chuck Eddy's** of the world to get the hype machine rolling, and with good reason. In my opinion, it was this band more than any other that led Mich-rock out of the (by the mid-80's) hardcore doldrums, and demonstrated for all to see that Detroit (OK, Ann Arbor!) was still home to bands capable of bringing the apocalypse down right before a stunned audience's very eyes.

The disc has the original album cuts, with the cassette-only "Soul Kiss" and four other bonus tracks included (one of those being a live number). All the tunes are great, even the side two songs that I've since seen tagged as "art rock." If "Gabriel" is "arty", then get me some turtlenecks and a trust fund post-haste,

because it's one of the most powerful moments this band ever had.

A case could be made that the **HYENAS** improved through the years (at least until ***Crawl***), with the drummer and bass player becoming even more firmly joined at the hip, and **Larrissa** and **John** developing more varied modes of expression and wider range. I won't argue that point, but I maintain that this band was never more "important" than on this debut release. ***Merry Go Round was*** a difference maker. For my friends and I, this was our ***Funhouse***, ***Kick Out the Jams***, ***Prayers On Fire***, and ***Love It to Death*** all rolled up into one. On ***Merry Go Round*** the **HYENAS** managed to pull off the nearly impossible feat of distilling nearly everything great about rock that preceded it into a totally fresh sound. They would go on to do many great records and shows (still do, in fact, with the new-ish lineup featuring half of the **NECROS**), but they could never grab you quite like this again, because this was the first time. "Recommended" is another descriptive term that gets used quite a bit around these parts. ***Merry Go Round*** is not recommended. It's necessary. **(Touch-N-Go)** *C. Fuller.*

LEATHERFACE *Cherry Knowle* CD

German Oi/ punk -- with a very late 70's, early 80's sound. From song one on, this powerful CD will have you old-timers harkening back to the days of yesteryear. Crank this monster up, cheese off your neighbors and pogo through the family room. There should be more bands that follow **LEATHERFACE's** example: fast, loud, snotty and tight. Anyone with an interest (or a curiosity) in quality punk rock should snag ***Cherry Knowle***. **(Blitzcore)** *n. bates.*

LOVE *Love Story* Dbl. CD

When **Rhino** announced they were releasing a **LOVE** anthology, I phoned my friend at **Rhino** and mentioned how much I would like to review the set for **ETCH** if a promo copy was available. "*Sure, no problem, I'll see what I can do,*" was the response. So there I was, two days later, with this cool package from **Rhino**. I couldn't wait to open it and when I finally did cut open the package, much to my surprise, it was filled with ***Wizard of Oz*** posters. Oh **well**, I bet some little old lady is sitting around somewhere with a two CD **LOVE** anthology and box of **LOVE** posters looking confused. Anyway, I went out and bought one.

Love Story captures the band during its peak years (1966 through 1969 and various incarnations and projects through 1972), 44 tracks in all, including such faves as "My Little Red Book," "7 + 7 Is," "Alone Again Or," "Hey Joe" and "Everlasting First" (written by **Arthur Lee** and **Jimi Hendrix** as part of an unrealized project).

Arthur Lee's ability to fuse elements of poetry, jazz, folk, R&B and rock into one made the band stand out from their peers. The **DOORS** once said they aspired to be as good as **LOVE**; **LED ZEPPLIN** thanked **LOVE** at their introduction into the Rock-N-Roll Hall of Fame; the **DAMNED** and **DAS DAMEN**, to name a few, cover **LOVE** tunes. **LOVE's** influence on the entire music scene runs deep. Pick up a copy of ***Love Story*** and hear for yourself. Also, checkout local music guru, **Ben Edmond's** cool cover shot. **(Rhino)** *Willy Wilson*

NICK LOWE & THE IMPOSSIBLE BIRDS "I Live on a Battlefield" b/w "Without Love" 7"

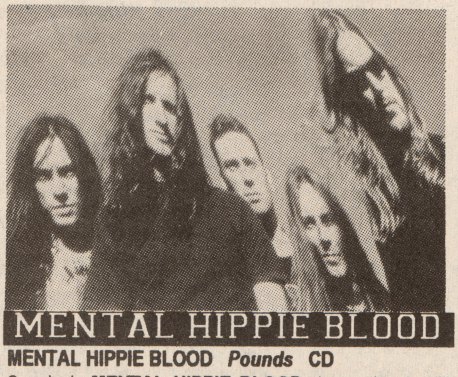
Nick Lowe - a force in music the past 25 years or so - released ***The Impossible Bird*** last winter and this nugget is the new single from it. The "A," "I Live on a Battlefield," is typical **Lowe** pop smoothness with great lyrics. The "B," "Without Love," (recorded live at **The Parkerest** in Chicago last winter) is a classic from **Lowe's** illustrious past. As good as any of **Lowe's** previous efforts, this is a very good record indeed! **(Upstart/Diesel Only Records)** *n. bates.*

MAN OR ASTROMAN? *Project Infinity* CD

This is a band that has always impressed me, they're tight, they're fine musicians and they can play a style of music (surf) which has already been created in a new and interesting manner, and I must admit being a bad sci-fi movie fan I appreciate the space motif. This continues to be played by me on a regular basis--excellent, commendable, recommended. **(Estrus)** *Dr. Bubo.*

MAX M CORPORATION CD-ROM Graphic Novel

This CD contains a CD-ROM based graphic novel which is located on track one. Tracks 2 through 12 are music. The CD loaded very easily into the trusty ol' **IBM** compatible running **Windows 3.11**, where from the File Manager I was able to load the U.S. version of the novel (there is also a Danish version available by clicking on the appropriate filename). The screen loaded immediately and I was presented with a menu which allows paging up and down through hundreds of bitmap images. These images are produced on the CD in uncompressed BMP format which allows you to load them individually into Paintbrush, Photoshop, etc., and edit them. The novel looks like a high tech comic book with captions and computer artwork. Tracks 2 - 12 correspond to the novel and are really kind of weak, with uninteresting techno/electronic drum machine crap and lyrics/vocals that sound like something those crazy Danes would come up with. **(Fifth Colvmn)** *CBH3.*



MENTAL HIPPIE BLOOD *Pounds* CD

Sweden's **MENTAL HIPPIE BLOOD** drop quite the lil' 40 megaton bomb with this new CD, ***Pounds***, conjuring up visions of **RAINBOW**, **MOTT THE HOOPLE**, **ALICE IN CHAINS** and other graven images to paint your filthy walls with. Production help from **Sank**, who's assisted **SHOTGUN MESSIAH** and **KILLING JOKE** previously, is right there capturing the passionate intensity of this outfit. They got angst to spare, as a matter of fact, they got angst comin' out their necks. And if you don't think this will freak your mom, then I'll be a **Lloyd Teets**. **(Metal Blade)** *D. Wood.*

MENTAL LANDSCAPE *Harrow's Bard* CD

This Motor City band (I guess) has built up quite a reputation with their stage antics and their form of "unclassified" thought music. I see they are very serious about their musical occupation, which is fine (I guess). The music is cyber-metal funk stuff. The outcome of this whole deal just slides by me. Sure, I dig "thought music" or I'm not saying that I'm not ready for the **MENTAL LANDSCAPE** revolution or am incapable of it. It's more or less I'm not joining their army because of my loner qualifications. Plus, I'm not convinced, period. **(Static Network)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

THE METEORS *Corpse Grinder (The Best Of)* CD

"Wreck and Roll at its best!" is what **METEOR** historian **Spike Sommer** says in this package's liner notes to describe this greatest hits package - and he's not too far off. **THE METEORS** were (are) a tight wild-ass three piece psychobilly outfit started and fronted by guitarist **P. Paul Fenech** in 1979, with fellow Brits **Nigel Lewis** on upright bass and **Mark Robertson** on drums. Despite a few lineup changes, **Fenech's** brand of spooky, furiously paced rock-a-billy music has remained true to its demonic underpinnings; this selection of 18 songs from 1984 to 1991 is a generous tombstone slab of fuzzed out furiously fast neo-billy bop. **(Cleopatra)** *Del Villareal.*

MINDWAR *Degeneration* CD

Damn fine release by this relatively unknown (to me) band. They set their sights on a full blast aggro-thumpin' attack and come real close most o' the time. Cool, shaky, frantic, desperate vocals wrapped around thick bands of guitar mush, slowly tightening a grip around your midsection - ow - I can see this one bein' real useful after a night of quaffin' **Bells' Solsun Ale**, a soundtrack while you beat your head against the wall in gleeful joy. Do you feel like we do? **(Semaphore/XNO)** *D. Wood.*

THE MONKEYWRENCH *Clean As A Broke-Dick Dog* CD

A blues side project for a few of alternative rock's better guitarists; **Mark Arm** and **Steve Turner** of **MUDHONEY**, **Tim Kerr** of **POISON 13**, and **Tom Price** of **GAS HUFFER** get together to play early 60's-influenced blues rock guitar similar in nature to **Dave Davies** or the **YARDBIRDS**. Hard rocking, funky wah--wah guitar effects with a solid buzz bass is the key to "Cold Cold World." Strong blues harmonica like **Mick Jagger** used to play dominates "Angelhead." This is a nice blend of today's musicians playing yesterday's music. **(Sub Pop)** *Allen Salyer.*

NATAS *Doubelievengod* CD

This is my first encounter with Detroit acid rappers **NATAS** and suffice to say, I'm amazed. Total control by **Esham** has helped make this an important local release, although it will be interesting to see if it gets any sort of airplay. **NATAS'** message isn't very palatable for radio types, I mean I don't think you'll ever hear "Fuck da World" on the **Planet 96.3**, but in the world they live in, **NATAS** sums it up straight. With enough low-end production value to freak out a pack o' hippies, ***Doubelievengod*** is a must. **(Reel Life Productions)** *D. Wood.*

NEGLECT *End It!* CD

Brian's deep drooling vocals and the powerful bass chording style metal rock makes **NEGLECT** sound an awful lot like **PANTERA**. They sing about ending over-population, self-hate and personal despair with a bullet to the head in "Neglect." "Dig It" has some very revealing lyrics: "*I'm not wasting my life, my life is wasting me. Life's tight-fisted punch knocked me down to the floor.*" We are born to die according to "From Womb To Tomb," whereas "State of My Mind" suggests murder/suicide may be the answer. **Brian** even tried to kill himself on stage during a concert in which he smashed bottles repeatedly over his head until he passed out from blood loss. Here's a band with absolutely little to live for. **(We Bite America)** *Allen Salyer.*

THE NEW BOMB TURKS *My Hopes Are Copacetic* 7"

Yet another impressive release from this **PAGANS**-influenced foursome, like their similarly driven (and at times much better) Columbus, Ohio scene mates **GAUNT**. **THE NEW BOMB TURKS** tread no new ground, but rehash Clevo classics in their own way, with a **DEATH OF SAMANTHA** cover parading as a b-side. As a longtime Cleveland resident, I never really cared for **DEATH OF SAMANTHA**, in fact, at times I despised them. Mostly for the hideous winter '92 ('91?) **PAGANS** reunion show at the **Phantasy Theater**. The **PAGANS** were a no-show, yet my $8 ticket offered no refund and I sat through **DEATH OF SAMANTHA** waiting for the **PAGANS**. Nada. Later, I managed to see the **PAGANS** blow the **BUZZCOCKS** off the same stage just one year later. Needless to say, the **TURKS'** cover of "Sexual Dreaming" is stunning. **DEATH OF SAMANTHA** never did it so well. No wonder they became **COBRA VERDE**, a competent rock outfit. **(Rise Records)** *Pants Mulligan.*

NOFX ***I Heard They Suck Live*** **CD**
Fun fun fun fun. West Coast hard-core like it probably should be. "Kill All the White Men" is probably my favorite track. 17 songs live, recorded at an unnamed Hollywood club. It's pretty accurate from what I remember when I saw them in Detroit last year. Also included "Moron Brothers," "You Drink, You Drive, You Spill," "Together in the Sand" and plenty more. If you like this kinda crap, you'll love this one. I'm pretty sure I do. **(Fat Wreck Chords)** *Mazzola.*

OXYGIENE 23 ***Blue*** **CD**
OXYGIENE 23 is a side-project, consisting of **DIE WARZAU's Jim Marcus** and **Van Christie**. Most side-projects like this, act as a way for the artists to display their talent and indulgence for a type of music that usually isn't worth hearing. However, **OXYGIENE 23** on **Blue**, spill out hypnotic dance beats and alluring vocals that are definitely worth hearing. From the spellbinding "Sacrifice" to the jazzy, hip-hop of "smooth," an accessible and interesting landscape is created. Like meeting a mysterious and seductive acquaintance in a dark bar, **Jane Jensen**, the vocalist, pulls you into a realm of fascinating Middle Eastern rhythms and Hare Krishna philosophies that leave you wanting to know more. **(Fifth Colvmn)** *Mike Pfeiffer.*

PHILO BEDDOW s/t CD
Ann Arbor's **PHILO BEDDOW** pumps out good hard-core sounds, deviant from the typical "tree hugger" mentality of this college town. With songs like "Leapfrog" and "White Murder," this self-titled debut is worth checking out. **(Magnolia Records)**
Toni Jedlowski.

PHRANC ***Goofyfoot*** **CD**
Pranc was in **CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE** but you can only cut someone so much slack. A couple of covers, an incredibly weak surf instrumental, and two "novelty" coffeehouse-style originals that continue to hammer home the artist's Jewish and lesbian status as if it were reason enough to pay attention to her. You'd think a lesbian reading of "Ode to Billy Joe" might flash some new light on that most mysterious of pop classics, but no... **(Kill Rock Stars)** *Fred Beldin.*

POUND ***Wisconsin*** **7"**
Chicagoland heaviness via Madison, Wisconsin. There is absolutely no rhyme nor reason for their apologetic form letter which this slab o' vinyl included. This 7" spends much time in my '65 C10. Hopefully there is a long player in their immediate future, as my copy of **SHELLAC's *Action Park*** is entering the overplayed graveyard, as **WIRE's *Pink Flag***, **UNSANE's** self-titled debut, and all **NOMEANSNO** have done. If this band manages to put out an LP of the caliber of their 7", then they may manage to work their way into such esteemed company. **(Flannel Jammies Music)** *Pants Mulligan.*

REAL GRAHAM GOODNESS ***In a Bite-Size Snack*** **CS**
This is a solo effort by a Detroit guy named **Mark G. Peters**. I've never heard of him either. The product is a goofy four-track effort. Singing goofy lyrics with those god-damned drum machines to back him up. It comes off sarcastic and sometimes loose-ended, but it's hard to complain when it sounds like he's having fun. Some light psych, some **Wally Pleasant**-styled stuff, some stuff that is just a bit too...uh...Y'see, that's my reaction in some instances for some of these tunes...so...uh... **(Leppotone Electrical Recordings)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

RUMBLE ***Face Down, Thumbs Up*** **CS**
I'll bet this **Lowell**, Massachusetts bar band has a sizable following, they probably pack 'em in with their incredibly lame-ass 80's-style **MOTLEY CRUE** inspired sound. From the stupid cover, that features a drawing of a slutty girl with a great big booty bending over to pick up a broken bottle in a dirty alley (something I normally like), to the awful vocals delivered obnoxiously by **Roger Dee Bourk**, this is just awful. Still not as bad as that **BIG BLUE COUCH** cassette from **ETCH #5**...but close. *D. Wood.*

SHALLOW ***3-D Stereo Trouble*** **CD**
"We were reading this drug pamphlet one day and at one point it said: *'Taking acid under uncomfortable circumstances can get you into 3-D stereo trouble.'* We didn't know what the hell it meant, but it was the funniest thing we'd ever read." Hence the name of the album. **SHALLOW** makes excellent use of percussion that emphasizes **Julie Shields** gliding voice. It doesn't get in the way or hammer or drown her out, but follows her faithfully like a friendly puppy. She has a little girl voice with a touch of vibrato that, happily, isn't annoying or sickly sweet, but playful and pleasant. A lot of these songs have an angelic sense to them, so the voice adds. Example: Is she talking about the afterlife in "Leaving," traveling from this world to the next? Is "Falling" about being an angel or having falling dreams? "I Wonder" is a great pop song about matters of perception: *"Do you see the same clouds? Do you see the same stars? Do you feel the same way, as I do?"* **(Zero Hour)** *Allen Salyer.*

SHELTER ***Mantra*** **CS**
Norm hands this tape to me and says: *"Krishna-core."* Fuck yeah, I'll take it! Hey! I've studied the ***Bhagavat-Gita*** for a while, hung with the **Krishna** crew, liked the **CRO-MAGS**. I was ready for some fierce spiritual crank-jam. Tossed in the tape for my daily shower routine. Cranked the volume, cranked the water and I was ready to raise my fist and chant. The tape starts with a pre-recorded **Krishna** chant, yeah! GRRRONNNG go the guitars, yeah! Then the singer starts rapping! *"AW NO!"* I yell. Then the music gets metal-funk. *"Jeez-O-Pete,"* I mumble in disgust. So I hurry with my shower while listening to this **Mike D.** dude PUMP PUMP PUMP! There are a couple of speeders here. Oh well boys, back to the books. Hail **Krishna**, not **SHELTER**. **(Roadrunner)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

SHESSOHUGE s/t CD
Heavy duty power thud from the Motor City. Very much in the Sabbath tradition, with bits of punk rock thrown into the mix as well. This three song demo is only a tease...I WANT MORE!!! Good stuff, gang. **(Shessohuge)** *n. bates.*

SIX FEET UNDER ***Haunted*** **CD**
GR-R-R-R-O-W-W-L. What would you expect from a band composed of members from **OBITUARY**, **CANNIBAL CORPSE** and **DEATH**. You might call this a Death Metal super group. Crunchy, grindy, angry heaviness. If it's your thing this will make you sing. **(Metal Blade)** *Mazzola.*

SLEEPYHEAD "I Love You the Rain" b/w "Wet One" 7"
Back in the summer of '92, I booked a show for these folks in East Lansing wonder-venue **Howland House**. It was a great rockin' show, but their early 7"ers were always lessened with this cutesy sound. This here record is well-rounded. **Chris'** guitar work is great! More capable of the live sound they capture here. Rhythm section of **Michael** and **Rachel** sound steady as hell. Still, it's slightly light-weight, but hey, at least I won't complain about the **Corriganish** vocals. **Chris** is a nice guy, he should be famous. Fuck **Corrigan**. **(Homestead)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

SLOT "Last Tuesday's Child" b/w "Starcock" 7"
In my humble estimation, **SLOT** remain one of the most underrated bands in Detroit. They've been around for more than a few years now, consistently playing great live shows, but have yet to really lay something groundbreaking down on vinyl. Well, lemme tell you, this single would be a real fine place to start for those of you waiting in the wings. Featuring a **Phil Durr** "triple nickel" remix on "Starcock," **Sue**, **Billy**, and **Eddie** deserve your undivided attention, comprende? **(Third Gear Records)** *D. Wood.*

THE SMOOTHIES ***Pickle*** **CD**
I hate pictures of cute babies on grunge records. What I wouldn't give for a doctored photo of **Reagan** or maybe some dollar bill-crucifix motif...but these aren't the old days when things were simple and chicks just played bass. "Not Just Boys Fun" indeed. Two underage girls lead **THE SMOOTHIES** via bass, guitar and songwriting, trading vocals that sound exactly the same over solid New Breed rock that swings between stiff aggro and punky pop...there's an awful lot of bands out there these days, aren't there? **(Southern Records)** *Fred Beldin.*

SOULISM ***Taste the Flava*** **CD**
Ambitious effort from this Macon, Georgia trio that has some of the same elements that **ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT** have mined with great success. Southern roots mixed with urban colloquialisms and a phat funky dance sound that suits me just right, **Jay**, **Carl** and **Chan** mix it up with a friendly feel. This CD sample features several different versions of "Taste the Flava," including a radio edit, an instrumental and a censored remix that boogies like **Jason** in an ass-factory with a bootified hottie clutching a case of malt liquor and a carton o' **Newport's**. "On the Porch" is something any hip-hop fan, any blunt twistin', 40 guzzlin', homedookie can appreciate, jackin' beats with wild abandon, propelling this Georgia trio right out of the average and into the mainstream. Producer **Mike Buckholtz**, best known for his work on **Hammer's** slap happy little dance ditty ***Too Legit to Quit***, provides firm direction and professional sensibilities. Also look for the 27 second interlude called "The Pinestraw Chronicles" which made me think of the **Dolomite** opus ***Peety Wheatstraw*** for some damn reason. **(Wall Street Music)** *D. Wood.*

SOUL-JUNK ***1945*** **7'**
Former **TRUMAN'S WATER** singer releases something a lot more convincing and original than his former band's new release. This stumble rock has a coherent no wave attribute. Perhaps imagine this; an inbred hillbilly family pretending to be **GANG OF FOUR**, there's a vivid thought. **Glen Gallaway** is a born-again type. I wish all Christians were like this. **(Homestead)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

SPAHN RANCH ***The Coiled One*** **CD**
First off, this **SPAHN RANCH** isn't to be confused with the once great local dirge band that went by the same name. This **SPAHN RANCH** plays hard but melodic

industrial dance. Musically they're similar to **FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY**, but don't sound nearly as fragmented. Their vocals, which are surprisingly clear, remind me of **MOEV**. There are a few stand-out cuts on ***The Coiled One*** like "Vortex," where the dark theme is set to an uplifting chorus and "The Judas Circle" which has a great catchy groove. The only gripe I have with **SPAHN RANCH** is the same gripe I have with most industrial artists, the scope is so damn constrained. You got the electronic music, sampled guitars and harsh beats with the lyrics about self-destruction and the hypocrisy of religion and that's it. If industrial artists could just shed some light on their dark music, a few more doors might open. Of course, if you've got the industrial mixture down pat like **SPAHN RANCH**, should you even bother? **(Cleopatra)** *Mike Pfeiffer.*

SPHERE LAZA ***Incinerator*** **CD**
SPHERE LAZA's premiere LP mixes computer know-how with punk rock aggression. With songs like "Victim of the Flesh" and "Empty V," ***Incinerator***, is full of enthusiasm and technological mastermind, with a gothic flare that fits amongst groups like **SKINNY PUPPY** and **FRONT 242**. **(Fifth Colvmn Records)** *Toni Jedlowski.*

SPOOKEY RUBEN ***Modes of Transportation Vol.1*** **CD**This CD is the result of Canadian prodigy **SPOOKEY RUBEN's** wacked musical genius, but it sounds like **METAL FLAKE MOTHER** meets **WEEN** at the Willy Wonka chocolate factory. This is out there, weird, wacky and very fresh. It has some god-like moments as the 'forementioned bands have, and it is on my top 10 list for the moment. Very Hot. **(TVT Records)** *CBH3.*

THE STAND GT ***They're Magically Delicious*** **CD**
Produced by **Kurt Bloch**, funny high school graduation photo on the back, verses about **Lucky Charms** and choruses about "remembering" and "forgetting," a few hidden tracks, hooks stolen from **KISS** and **SOUL ASYLUM**...fuck yeah, man, that would be the best fuckin' band ever. What? They're from Canada? Forget it... **(Top Drawer Records)** *Fred Beldin.*

STRANGLMARTIN ***For the Sake of Argument*** **CD**
The third release from this Kaintuck-based trio, "For the Sake of Argument" is rough-hewn rock with plenty of "pop sensibility." In other words, some of the songs actually have hooks that have been consciously (or appear to have been) developed by the band. You may see comparisons elsewhere to **SOUL ASYLUM, AFGHAN WHIGS**, etc., mostly because **STRANGLMARTIN** play guitars and seem to be "sincere." None of this will help you get a grip on what this group actually sounds like, however. The record features an acceptably aggressive take on rock, with the first cut's psyched-out guitar being the highlight for yours truly. Overall: it's all right... **(Safehouse)** C.. *Fuller.*

SUPERCHUNK ***Here's Where the Strings Come In*** **CD**
I haven't been keeping up with this band. ***My Noise*** and ***Skip Steps One and Three*** were reason enough to take **SUPERCHUNK** seriously, but there's a formula too, so I've drifted in my loyalties. It's good to hear new material that shows they've grown up strong and smart, like an old high school friend who's still a little irresponsible but clearly on the right track. **SUPERCHUNK** are still writing the same hooks, but there's a maturity about their best work for slick precision with no loss of spirit. And like most **SUPERCHUNK** records, the best song is first. **(Merge)** *Fred Beldin.*

SUPER DELUXE ***Famous*** **CD**
Indie rockers riding the retro train for all its worth. Sipping wine in **Star Trek** shirts, these guys are trying to be all image but lack enough substance even for that slack off title. Leave afternoon cocktails to someone really capable of that shtick, the gentlemen of **URGE OVERKILL** have found a quartet of understudies that haven't done their musical homework. Vocals run straight to the school of **REDD KROSS**, the guitar tries to go there, each song sounding yawningly similar. Nothing new here, except radio play, and if they can get their hands on enough lava lamps, heavy **MTV** rotation. **(Tim Kerr Records)** *Surdu.*

TAD ***Infrared Riding Hood*** **CD**
Some of my favest memories of the **Heidelberg** in Ann Arbor (when **Roland** did the booking) are the couple' shows that **TAD** played. The big fella really tore the place up on both occasions, leaving smiles on faces and spent eardrums in his mighty wake.

At first, I didn't like this newest release, ***Infrared Riding Hood*** because it didn't seem to have the girth of previous releases, like ***8-Way Santa*** or ***God's Balls***. But it works on you, melodic, big and chunky,unrelenting like the drunk next to you who won't shut the hell up.

It was the ***8-Way Santa*** LP for **Sub Pop**, legendary for the huge legal hassles its cover caused, where **TAD** let loose and explored a more melodic, developed sound. Ostensibly they continue with just that theory on ***Infrared...***, especially on "Dementia," which is as good as **TAD** has ever sounded. ***Infrared Riding_Hood***, however, is a spotty trail, full o' holes...certainly not a smooth ride. But the big fella has seemingly risen from the ashes before and you know what? This time he's hungry for MEAT-N-TATERS!!! **(Eastwest Records)** *D. Wood*

TANNER ***Ill Gotten Gains*** **CD**
I was listening to this when my housemate **Scott** walked in and commented: *"This sounds like* ***SUPERCHUNK****."* What? I don't like **SUPERCHUNK**, yet this disc doesn't annoy me that much. Take the speed away and add more interesting arrangements and you have **TANNER**. Total rubberneck guitar work, spacious production, **Biafra/DIDJIT** vox. Has the momentum at first, but then sinks. Oh well. **(Caroline)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

TRIBES OF NEUROT ***Silver Blood Transmission*** **CD**
Loosely fits the definition of music by my standards, extreme dark ambiance, sounds reminiscent of a glowing river of lava burning the world free of contagion, music that trys to simulate the sounds of creation on a cosmic meter, enjoyable if your bass speakers can take the heat. **(Release)** *Dr Bubo.*

TRICK BABYS ***Player*** **CD**
TRICK BABYS are in charge of some real rock here in the fine tradition of fellow New Yorkers, **THE HEARTBREAKERS** and the **DEVIL DOGS** (who the drummer, **Paul Corio**, once served time with), but **Lynne Von's** throaty, romantic emoting provides these fifteen numbers with more depth than your average three-chord old school combo. The band is red hot (if I may invoke such a trite phrase) throughout, whether it's the full-on riffrock of "Red Leather Couch," the tearjerking vamp of "Haunted Heart" or the teenage pop of "Sweet Nothin's." Play this the next time **Tom Deja** comes over for **Skittles** and red pop. **(Go Kart)** *Fred Beldin.*

TRONZO / GABRELS ***Night in Amnesia*** **CD**
David Tronzo (Hiatt, LOUNGE LIZARDS, Zorn's camp of players) and **Reeves Gabrels (TIN MACHINE**...) are considered (as their press packet says) "two of the world's most renowned guitarists." So what. This disc is later crappie **Zappa** meets later crappie **KING CRIMSON** instrumentation. Rinky dink guitar jumble to give music majors a boner. I wonder if they can do "Eruption?" **(Upstart)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

TRUCK STOP LOVE ***Fuentez the Killer*** **CD EP**
Unimposing, nonintrusive, countrified alterno-rock a la a less imaginative and inspired **PALACE BROTHERS** or some sort of weird early **R.E.M.** country band. Not terribly bad, but a little too grunge-country-**Mojo Nixon** for me. Includes their cover of "Listen to Her Heart" from the ***You Got Lucky: A Tribute to Tom Petty*** CD. **(Backyard/Scotti Bros.)** *Pants Mulligan.*

TRUMAN'S WATER ***Milktrain to Paydirt*** **CD**
This is supposedly their first studio release. Stuff before was always available on this label or small time stuff like Britain's **Destroy All Music** and I think **Shrimper** (or was that **GUIDED BY VOICES**?), dunno, don't pay attention too much. This is the definite missing link between **SONIC YOUTH** (pre-***Daydream...***) and **THINKING FELLERS**. Total rubber-neck guitar rock. Actually, the best way to explain this is to compare the music to a disorder known as "The Alien Hand Syndrome." I kid you not about this explanation. Look up page 108 in ***The Book of Lists*** 90's edition. It's caused by damage to certain parts of the brain, causing one of a person's hands to act independently; meaning that one hand will be controlled and act accordingly, while the other is out of control, sometimes doing the opposite of the other hand. Just imagine if you gave people with this disorder some instruments with the result being this disc. You might be pleasantly surprised. **(Homestead)** *Bryan Ramirez.*

TULIPS ***Night of the Hunter*** **CD**
Moaning guitar and vocal style, sort of like **BABES IN TOYLAND** without the barking screams but retaining the gusto. **Suzette Fontaine** makes me sweat. Stalking guitar work accentuates the examination of the predator v. prey relationship of "Wolf Pack." Watching a friend waste away from disease "Catch the Cradle." "March of the Brat" is a cranking punk anthem. "Wet" begins with a tough chunkchunk bass line, then the guitars slam in. I bet they would really rip live. **(Sonic Bubblegum)** *Allen Salyer.*

ULTRA BIDE' s/t CD
Japanopunk, not **BOREDOMS**-like just straight forward, I appreciated the first song the best, even though it reminded me of **TAR,** I can't explain why, maybe it's just the guitar sound. This is all I've heard from these folks and I'd have to hear more to really judge them properly, it's only a three song CD after all. The last song is really dumb, almost as if it was put there to appease the **BOREDOMS**-type sound fan buyer person moron thing, just skip it. **(Alternative Tentacles Records)** *Dr. Bubo.*

SPEEDY WEST & JIMMY BRYANT ***Stratosphere Boogie*** **CD**
In the late 50's, **Speedy West** and **Jimmy Bryant** were two of the best session men around, playing on numerous rock and country hits, but it was their outside projects, basically recorded

between 1952 and 1954, that set them apart. The music, which at best can only be described as "Hillbilly Jazz," is a mixture of pedal steel guitar, slide guitar, piano, bass and drums. It is so far ahead of its time there is still nothing remotely close to its sound today. Originally recorded and released by **Capitol**, it's hard to believe **Capitol** was that experimental. The 16 tracks in this collection should be required listening to anyone who's thinking about playing guitar. Sit down, listen and learn. (**Razor & Tie**) *Willy Wilson.*

WINDY & CARL "Emerald" b/w "Fragments of Time and Space" 7"
This slab is divided right down the line. "Emerald" is a bit of a snoozer in the ethereal sense. Reminds me of this **SKINNY PUPPY** remix thing that a friend duped for me back in '87. Very synthed out and floaty. "Fragments..." has a catchy substance to it. More of a melodic overtone which is pretty nice. Flighty vox, more ethereal mood stuff. Wouldn't see why **4AD** shouldn't pick these guys up. (**Enraptured**) *Bryan Ramirez.*

X-COPS *You Have the Right to Remain Silent...* CD
You Have the Right to Remain Silent... is a collection of songs about police brutality, rape, beatings, shootings and other favorite cop activities. If you don't have a dark sense of humor, or you are not seriously evil, you may be offended. But that may just be another reason to pick it up. (**Metal Blade**) *Mazzola.*

V/A CROSSED OUT / MAN IS THE BASTARD split 7"
This record is...mean spirited and joyous. A nasty bunch of anthems that stick to the ribs. Tasty morsels that digest like broken glass. (**Slap-A-Ham**) *Food.*

V/A *So You Wanna Be A Rock-N-Roll Compilation?* CD
A CD packed to the gills (29 songs) by a number of bands (some big, some not) jacking out the punk like their hair's on fire. You get old-timers like the **TOXIC REASONS**, **ZERO BOYS**, and **FLAG OF DEMOCRACY**, as well as new or lesser-known bands stirrin' up things on this comp. Some of the songs are new, some are re-issues, some are unreleased and some are from out-of-print records. The three **SISTER GODDAMN** are tremendous. This disc is recommended to all the young punks who want to expand their musical library and get a taste of the different variations that p-rock has to offer. You will not be disappointed. As for you oldies out there (in the 30+ crowd), you'll dig this too because some of the older material connects with better days. (Sigh)...what I would give to be 18 again...A good pickup. (**Blitzcore**) *n. bates.*

V/A *Step On A Crack, Vol. 2* CD
Here we go again, with the name of the band then a rating of 1 through 10: **THE WIVES** - Female punk *4*. **DEADGUY-GRRRAAAWWW!** - Spaz-core, kinda like **DRUNK TANK** *7*. **ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN** - '77 style rock *5*. **THE TEMPLARS** - Big guy rock with classic rock chop. Sloppy *5*. **IABHORHER** - Crappy death metal *4*. **SWEET DIESEL** - Common march and stomp music that kids cherish oh-so-well nowadays. Very un-rad *3*. **MIND OVER MATTER** - Angry chant over more of that shit kids cherish oh-so-well nowadays *3*. **THE HOT CORN GIRLS** - Snotty boy's sneer. Total fuckin' rock *8*. **DIE 116** -- Cyber-metal crap. **MINISTRY** are pussies *2*. **THE WRETCHED ONES - EL SMASHO** head to toe *7*. **HOLESHOT** - Don't wanna repeat myself... *4*. **MURPHY'S LAW** -- Fucked up! Fucked up! *7*. **NEGLECT** - Wrestler metal *5*. **VICIOUS BEATNIKS** - I think I wrote this punk song in my junior year in high school *5*. **13** -- Diiirrrge. Puke metal. Yeah! *7*. **THE DEVIL DOGS** -- Surf? Hype! *5*. **HELL NO** -- No *4*. **IRON PROSTATE** - Cock rock. Just for that... *8*. **GARDEN VARIETY** - Ez listening **SONIC YOUTH**, uhhh *5*. Final score: 5.31-something somethingsomething. (**Go Kart**) *Bryan Ramirez.*

V/A *Trance 3* CD
This comp. on the worthy Brit. label, **Rumour Records**, is like...uh..."ambient"...uhhh...Beavis. Damn fine collection with very slight "house-ish" overtones, and just a hint of that techno repetitiveness. Not quite deeeeptraaaance like, oh, say, a big black hole without end, more-or-less something you will probably groove to a little, but nothing to lose your shirt over. A nice change from all this so-called mind-expanding, audio-illusion music. Nice are **DUST BROTHERS** (track #3), **TOM TOM** (#8), **JAGGA** (#9) and **BLOOD RUNS DRY** with "All of Your Mind," as the second song. (**Rumour Records**) *Fike.*

V/A *Trancewerk Express vol. 1 (A Tribute to Kraftwerk)* CD
I've been known to call most "tribute" albums "insults." They are usually just another way for labels to cash in on what's already been done. Where ***Trancewerk Express vol. 1*** differs is whom the artist being paid tribute to is: **KRAFTWERK**. By making slight adjustments and reworking some of the melodies, this CD showcases just how ahead of their time **KRAFTWERK** really was. Techno artists by nature, alter and redefine music, and **KRAFTWERK's** material set examples for these artists to follow. The best songs from ***Trancewerk Express vol. 1*** are the faster-paced ones, like **TELER's** "The Robots" and **MEDOOM & WIND's** "Computer World." One of the questions I ask myself when listening to a tribute CD is: *"Are there any songs that are actually better than the original?"* Well, as usual, the answer is *"No,"* but these are fine renditions, that will hopefully get the young techno-kids digging around the album bins for one of the bands that started it all. (**Cleopatra**) *Mike Pfeiffer.*

V/A *Warehouse 8* CD
Another brilliant and wonderfully uplifting comp. from those scene-makers at **Rumour** . Most of the tracks here are seductive enough to get 'em dancing and then, well...you know the rest. Much of this is licensed from other ravin' hip labels (**Network** [note the "o"] **Records**, **Vivational**, **3-Beat Music** etc...), and is musically deeper than many of what we might hear or call "ambient" or "slowbeat" or whatever it is today in the "asleep for the last decade" midwest. Play your lady or gent **SWINGTIME DEE's** "You & I (Future Love Mix)" and see if she/he doesn't just go to pieces. Leading off, "So Deep" by the **REESE PROJECT**, and "Shine on Me" by **lovestation** is soulful and boogyin' without falling into any of the jungle/disco/bpm traps. "Stoned" by famed electronic droppers (the) **GROOVE CORPORATION** features a dreamy, **Morrison**-esque sound bite that sums it all up pretty well: *"Out here in the perimeter, there are no stars, out here we is stoned...immaculate."* Indeed. (**Rumour**) *Fike.*

What's New In Detroit Area Radio?

The alternative/modern/college/indie rock radio market has become more competitive now that **WLLZ** has shifted its programming towards the younger audience, joining **CIMX**, **WDET** and **WHYT**. Even album oriented rock station like **WRIF** and heavy metal headbangers **WDZR** (**Z-Rock**) have to acknowledge bands like **PEARL JAM**, **NIRVANA**, **SOUNDGARDEN** et. al. to remain somewhat competitive. With all this competition, how do you offer something different?

Well, if you are Canadian broadcaster, **CIMX**, you begin the "we don't mess with your favorite songs" campaign and play the music totally unedited. The campaign may have started in response to **WDZR's** blatant tampering with the **FILTER** song, "Hey Man, Nice Shot." Originally intended as a tribute to the died-too-soon rock great **Kurt Cobain**, the radio station inserted poorly placed excerpts from a **Red Wings'** game's play-by-play, changing the meaning of the song to a cheap *"Go **Red Wings**"* pep rally. This became academic after the **Red Wings** lost so miserably to the **New Jersey Devils** and **WDZR** stopped playing the so-called "**Wings** mix."

Building on the slogan, **CIMX** now plays totally uncensored versions of hit songs, just as they appear on the album, just as the artist recorded them. Now you can hear **GREEN DAY** complain about listening to *"the same old shit"* or *"when masturbation has lost its fun, you're fuckin'..."* in the song "Longview"; **Alanis Morrisette's** biting jab at her ex-lover when she cries *"Do you think of me when you fuck her"*; **BUSH** wonder if he should *"look for his asshole brother"*; **NINE INCH NAIL's** *"I want fuck you like an animal"*; **WHITE ZOMBIES'** sampled *"I'll kill the motherfucker"* and the appropriate *"I'll say whatever the fuck I damn well please."*

WHYT tends to be the most tame, scrambling the cuss words in each of these samples. **WLLZ** will let the **BUSH** *"asshole"* comment slide and **WRIF** will play **PINK FLOYD's** "Money" with its *"do goodie good bullshit,"* but all the other songs mentioned have annoying scrambling, bleeps or dead silence. Yet, all the stations have no problem playing the utterly tasteless "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" in its entirety, so puerile sexual innuendo is still preferred over songs with a message that have filthy words.

It's a marketing scheme that not only thumbs its nose at the other radio stations, but gives a great big finger to the **FCC**. **CIMX** is not bound by the rules of the **Federal Communications Commission** and Canadian broadcast standards are much more liberal when it comes to on-air language (It's like the difference between watching ***Kids In The Hall*** uncensored on **CBC Channel 9** or censored versions on **Channel 2** or the **Comedy Central**).

Being a border town offers the Detroit audience a unique listening situation. American radio stations might be hard pressed to follow suit, but fear of **FCC** punishment is cause to hesitate. If Americans truly believed in their First Amendment Right to Free Speech, it wouldn't even be unique. The **FCC** was set up to divide radio frequencies in a logical order, assuring that radio stations don't accidentally drown each other out by having frequencies that overlap and to keep emergency channels clear. I'm not sure when the **FCC** took it upon themselves to be the moral watchdog and protect our meek and sensitive ears from nasty poo-poo language. ***Allen Salyer***

NEWS

Kalamazoo's **THOUGHT INDUSTRY** have just completed their third album, ***Outer Space is Just a Martini Away***, which is set to hit early next year. The new album is slightly more refined and focused over their previous efforts, with more concentration being placed on songs than parts...**BROKEN HOPE** will be doing an East Coast and Midwest tour with **SIX FEET UNDER** in October before going over to Europe in November ... **DECORYAH** are currently recording the follow-up to ***Wisdom Floats*** (see **ETCH #4**) in a 24-track studio in Finland which should see the light of day early next year...Arizona's **BEATS THE HELL OUT OF ME** have their second **Metal Blade** disc out and ***Rolling Thunder Music*** contains a better sound than their label debut, courtesy of **Ross (KORN) Robinson**, and a more individualistic, tripped-out tone without relying on their influences so heavily. **B.T.H.O.O.M.** recently completed some shows with the **X-COPS**, **BRUTAL JUICE**, **CLUTCH** and **TAD**, and have several other tentative live plans pending, including a date in Los Angeles during **Foundations**...**KING DIAMOND**: After five years the **King** is back with his next solo effort dubbed ***The Spider's Lullabye*** (see **ETCH #4**). This is some of the master of the macabre's finest material, on par with earlier classics like ***Them*** and ***Abigail***. The band plans on touring in October. Meanwhile, **KING DIAMOND** will be on the Artist Panel at **Foundations**...**SIX FEET UNDER**: The collaboration between **CANNIBAL CORPSE's** frontman **Chris Barnes**, **OBITUARY** guitar player **Allen West**, former **MASSACRE / DEATH** bass player **Terry Butler** and newcomer **Greg Gall** is a stunning collection of brutality. ***Haunted*** was recorded by **Scott Burns** at **Morrisound** and was released on September 26th. **SIX FEET UNDER** played their debut live performance at this year's **Milwaukee Metalfest** and will go out in the U.S. this October to support ***Haunted*** live...**GWAR** will release their fifth full-length on October 24th. Titled ***Ragnarok***, the album was produced by **Robert Margouleff** (**OINGO BOINGO/DEVO**), and is destined to be a more mature outing with greater sonics and potential classics as "Meat Sandwich," "The New Plague," "Dirty Filthy," "Think You Oughta Know This" and "Fire in the Loins." **GWAR** will begin their U.S. tour in October...Swedish exports **MASQUERADE** unveiled their sophomore disc, ***Surface of Pain***, October 10th. The album is actually the band's first domestic release. Carrying a very distinctive European flavor, their grasp of traditional metal and catchy choruses should please any discerning fan. The band's vocalist, **Tony Yoanson**, will be at the **Foundations Forum** convention...Belgium is not a typical hotbed of musical activity, but that country has unleashed its greatest export, **CHANNEL ZERO**. The group's first U.S. album, ***Unsafe***, hit stores October 10th and is sure to satisfy the craving of fans of the **BIOHAZARD / PANTERA / MACHINE HEAD** school...Sweden's oddly named **MENTAL HIPPIE BLOOD** is another band focused on in **Metal Blade's** "Rage of a New Age of Metal" campaign ... ***Metal Massacre 12*** The latest installment of this great unsigned band compilation will be available November 7th. Composed of 15 bands, the album is encased in an outstanding **Stephen Kasner** piece of art. The rundown of bands include **PAINGOD**, **PIST-ON**, **CRISIS**, **LEVEL**, **AVERNUS**, **ANCIENT**, **AND CHRIST WEPT**, **AMBOOG-A-LARD**, **PERVIS**, **EULOGY**, **DIVINE REGALE**, **TIPPER GOR**, **BIG TWIN DIN**, **GUNGA DIN** and **OVERCAST**. Look for a number of these bands to be tomorrow's stars and you can hear them here first. The ***Metal Massacre*** series has been an integral part in the development of **METALLICA**, **SLAYER**, **FLOTSAM & JETSAM**, **TROUBLE**, **SACRED REICH**, **THE OBSESSED**, **OVERDOSE**, **VOIVOD**, **OVERKILL**, **FATES WARNING** and others...Dutch doom band **CELESTIAL SEASON** have had their most recent release, ***Solar Lovers***, picked up by **Metal Blade**. Originally released a few months back on the European indie label **Displeased**, **CELESTIAL SEASON** create some truly emotional atmospheric doom rampant with violin parts. Look for the album to be released stateside in November...Those Texas madmen known as **SKREW** are putting the finishing touches on their third release due out in the spring. Produced by **Neil Kernon** (**QUEENSRYCHE**, **FLOTSAM & JETSAM**) in ironically a tiny town in Texas called Tornillo (which translates to "screw" in Spanish)...**Metal Blade** announced the signing of New York death metal outfit **IMMOLATION**. The follow-up to 1991's ***Dawn of Possession*** looks to be released this fall...The long-awaited sequel to the ***Guitars that Rule the World*** will be out in November with an exciting run down of some of today's finest players. Set to be featured are **Billy Corrigan** (**SMASHING PUMPKINS**), **John Christ** (**DANZIG**), **J.** (**WHITE ZOMBIE**), **Alex Lifeson** (**RUSH**), **Ace Frehley**, **Billy Sheehan** (**MR. BIG**), **Kim Thayil** (**SOUNDGARDEN**), **Jack Owen** (**CANNIBAL CORPSE**) and **Allen West** (**OBITUARY**), **THE HELLECASTERS** and the guy in **PHISH**.. **FATES WARNING's** greatest hits package ***Chasing Time*** (see **ETCH #5**) has finally been released domestically, and features three unreleased tracks: the instrumental "At Fates Fingers," the demo version of "Circles" which contains parts of songs from their last disc ***Inside Out*** and the radio edit of "We Only Say Goodbye" remixed by **Jimbo Barton** (**QUEENSRYCHE**). The band (who are now a four-piece after the departure of guitar player **Frank Aresti**) are working on new material, which they are excited about, and plan on hitting the studio this fall with a brand new record out in the spring...The **GOO GOO DOLLS'** "Name" and "Flat Top" are on the radio everywhere and the sales for ***A Boy Named Goo*** keep going up. The video for "Name" has been added to **MTV**...You should all know by now that **Metal Blade** has signed Texans -- the **GALACTIC COWBOYS**. The band's third effort will be out early next year as the guys are currently in the studio. Titled ***Machine Fish*** the album is set to be a little more direct than either of the band's prior **Geffen** records, without sacrificing any of the heaviness...**SACRED REICH** are currently recording their next album, ***Heal***, with **Bill Metoyer** (**SLAYER**, **D.R.I.**, **FLOTSAM & JETSAM**) in their hometown of Phoenix, Arizona. The quartet are aiming for an early '96 release date...**Metal Blade** also announced a new video collection containing twelve videos by some of their artists past and present. With the current state of **MTV**, many fans have been unable to see these videos so the label put them together and offered them at a reduced price. ***The 12 Commandments*** will hit the streets on October 24th and includes **DESULTORY**, **BROKEN HOPE**, **Joey Vera**, **ARMORED SAINT**, **GRIP INC.**, **THE ORGANIZATION**, **CANNIBAL CORPSE**, **MERCYFUL FATE**, **CHEMLAB**, **SKREW**, **FATES WARNING** and **GWAR**...Not only has **Metal Blade** recently made the **ARMORED SAINT** video, ***A Trip Thru Red Times***, available once again, but they also announced that they will reissuing the band's three **Chrysalis** records: ***March of the Saint***, ***Delirious Nomad*** and ***Raising Fear*** this fall...The remaining out-of-print **LIZZY BORDEN** albums have been released due to the overwhelming amount of requests **Metal Blade** has gotten. To be issued are ***Love You To Pieces***, ***Menace to Society***, ***The Murderess Metal Road Show Live***, ***Give 'Em the Axe/Terror Rising*** and ***Visual Lies***... Look for the new **Cyber-TEC** CD release on **Fifth Colvmn Records** (featuring **Jean Luc DeMeyer** of **FRONT 242**) in October. **Fifth Colvmn** will also be releasing CDs by **CRISIS**, **FRACTURE** and the comp. ***With Sympathy*** featuring various artists doing music inspired by **MINISTRY**...The legendary **PERE UBU** will be touring North America starting October 13th in support of their new album ***Ray Gun Suitcase*** (**Tim Kerr Records**). Labelmates **PIGPEN** will also be on the road as well...**Heartbeat Records** proudly announced in late August that **BURNING SPEAR's** ***Rasta Business*** stayed atop the **CMJ New World** music chart for 4 weeks and still going...New Jersey hardcore band **HOLESHOT** have a fuul-length coming out this fall, co-released by **Reservoir** and **Glue Records**. The band recently split up...Another band that now ceases to exist is the legendary **DEVIL DOGS**, whose members have splintered into new bands **LOS PRIMOS** and **THE VIKINGS**...**THE VICIOUS BEATNIKS** have a new EP due oout any day now on **Defective Records**...Long Island's **NEGLECT** (see their CD review in this issue's **HEAR** section) have called it quits...**Dave J.** (**BAUHAUS** and **LOVE AND ROCKETS**) has just signed with **Cleopatra Records**, look for his

new release next year. Also look for ***A Tribute to BAUHAUS,*** featuring a collection of the most "unearthly acts covering all your favorite songs."...Another tribute to look for is ***Just Can't Trance Enough,*** trance acts pay homage to **DEPECHE MODE**...If you saw **THE ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB** on their last tour, you'll remember they did a cover of **AC/DC's** "Highway to Hell" as an encore. Their new EP, which is also called ***Highway to Hell,*** features **EHC's** cover and a guest appearance by **Peter Steele** of **TYPE O NEGATIVE**...**PENAL COLONY** is also in the studio working on a new full-length, rumor has it that the band has been going through member changes again...**PSYCHIC TV's *Roman P*** is now being featured in the new commercials for **Volkswagen**...**CHORE** has a new 7" out on Ann Arbor's **Westside Records**, put out by the same folks at the **Westside Laundrymat** (see **ETCH #1**). The band is reportedly "relocating" to Georgia around press time...**KISS ME SCREAMING** is cutting a demo with **SPONGE's** producer for a major label...Ann Arbor's **TIGER 100** broke up. Their bass player is now the drummer for **JAKS**, whose former drummer is now in the 7-piece grind-core band **NEMA**, featuring the singer from **CURRENT**...L.A. based **Blue Man From Uranus Records** will be releasing a CD from the band **VIDA** the new band for veteran p-rockers **Dez Cadena (BLACK FLAG)** on l-guitar and vox, **George Hurley (minutemen,. fIREHOSE)** on drums, **Tom Troccoli (TOM TROCCOLI'S DOG)** on r-guitar and **Bill Bowman (AMERICAN MARTYRS)** on de' bass...Long Island emo-core band **MILHOUSE** (featuring **Reservoir Records' Andrew Orlando**) have two split sevens due out shortly, one with **DEVOID OF FAITH** and the other with **52X**...New Jersey's **ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN** have got a slew of wax comin' in many different shapes an' sizes. They play punk rock a la the **SAINTS**, **PAGANS**, **MISFITS** and **DEAD BOYS**...Chicago's **March Records** was pleased as punch to announce that **HOLIDAY's** latest has cracked the Top 25 at **Gavin** and the Top 35 at **CMJ**. The band has also been chosen as the featured artist for the **Urban Outfitters** chain (23 stores)...Detroit's **GODZUKI** have just finished their debut LP with **Dave Trumfio** at **Kingsize** in the City of Broad Shoulders. "Poinsettia" will come first on poinsettia-colored vinyl as a 7" and then expect the full-length out towards the New Year. The band have a West Coast tour planned with stops in L.A. and at **IMS** in San Diego in November...**PEE** will be on the road with **aMiniature** and **NO KNIFE**...**OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY** are recording their second original LP for **March** with **HIS NAME IS ALIVE's Warren DeFever**...**HOLIDAY** will be traveling to Chicago to record a new batch of songs for a 7" and EP release on **March**...**March** alumni **LOUD LUCY** are currently on tour with **Alanis Morrisette**...

Thanks to all who contributed: **Marco Barbieri** (Good Luck at **Century Media**!), **Matt Bower**, **Cleopatra**, **Jeff Fike**, **Greg (Go-Kart)**, **Carl Hanni**, **Chris Harris**, **Josh Mills**, **Jay Moskovitz**, **Lee (Sound Views)**.

VIEW

FIVE STAR FILM FOR THE MONTH
by EJ Hamacher

Lifestyles of the rich and unconscious

Luis Bunuel's *Belle de Jour*

It has been said of **Luis Bunuel** that he was a man obsessed with his enemies, so passionately and relentlessly did he attack them in film after film. **Belle de Jour** is a passionate film. A passionate film about undeniable passions. Director **Bunuel** has again and again shown the prevalent dominance of passion over social classes, over absurd religious beliefs, over trite traditions and customs. In **Belle de Jour**, **Bunuel** has violently thrown a splotch of mud onto society's picture of beauty and purity. But Beauty secretly loves the violence for its passion. It swoons and begins daydreaming, subverting the sterile reality of its purity. Director **Bunuel** has directed our attention to the illicit scenes of passion that have underlined society's history of suppressing them. **Belle de Jour** is not a shocking sex scene, it is a revealing strip tease that begins and ends in the mind. It is a daydream by a professional dreamer.

When you daydream, things happen just as you want. They are better than nightdreams, they are just as revealing, just as emotional, yet you consciously manipulate them. They are films and you are the director. Your desires dominate your reality, they become more lucid and real. In your life you have no idea what will happen, in your daydreams you have absolute control. **Belle de Jour** is a film about daydreaming and is made by a daydreamer with an exactness and precision to allow the most dream-like obscurity to dominate. At this point, late in his career, **Luis Bunuel** knows what he wants, how he wants it, what it will look like. He has been paid to daydream on film for decades already.

Director **Bunuel** has chosen for himself an erotic storyline, as is fitting to daydreaming, one that is as old as the story of Messalina, the wife of an Emperor in ancient Rome. It is the story of the bored, rich wife. The pampered, beautiful wife who is always treated with the utmost respect and with the utmost adoration. She daydreams of something else. The servants holding her down, tying her up, having their way with her. Strangers pushing her down, pulling her hair, forcing her to submit. She is devoured by these passions, unable to enjoy the niceties all around her, forever longing to be a complete slave to her brutal desires. Under a disguise, she starts to work in a brothel. Little do the working class men, the soldiers and students know that when they lie with the mysterious whore, they are possessing the Emperor's beautiful, untouchable wife. She is finally satisfied with her double life, sneaking off to the brothel for the brutality and roughness of animal desire and always loving her husband more, now that she no longer looks to him for things he could never giver her.

But does it really happen? Does she really submit? Or is this an elaborate daydream that arouses and releases her with its taboo nature? These are the questions **Bunuel** presents us with us. Does she attempt to put the daydream into effect, to realize the desires that lurk deep within her? Director **Bunuel** uses his skills to make the answers exactly obscure. The secret of the film is the power it has to render everything it records with perfect equality. A staged scene with actors, actors on location, documentary shots of real life, special effects, miniature models, everything looks the same once it is framed correctly and edited together. The same is true when filming different states of mind. Film reproduces the inner frame of the mind where all images are equal. The reality, the dream, the memory. Once recorded with the same actors on the same locations, one needs a signifier to tell them apart. **Bunuel** has precisely removed any signifier with a surgeon's precision, leaving a film so carefully constructed that one is not sure what has even happened. Some scenes stand out as sheer fantasy, some are obviously reality, some seem to be memories, or are they further fantasies? So many fall ambiguously in between it makes you re-think your previous decisions. **Bunuel** captures the essence of the daydream as opposed to a nightdream. The daydream is much more intermingled with reality and logic. It has a definite purpose and it uses any stereotyped melodramatics to achieve its ends. It is as creative as one's imagination allows. The main character in **Belle de Jour**, Severine, a bored housewife possibly steeped in romance novels and gothic adventures, creates for herself a stereotyped thriller that not only satisfies her sexual urges, the urges for wild, beastly passion, but also adds enough danger, intrigue and action to revitalize her rather pampered and boring life.

Catherine Deneuve as Severine

What id reality? Does she actually do all these things, or does the film constitute one long fantasy inspired by the suggestions of her more worldly friends? One of the highlights of the film is the incarnation of **Bunuelian** bravado in the character of Husson, Severine's husband's friend. It is he who has explored and enjoyed his desires without guilt, and it is to him that is left the task of introducing Severine to the hidden world where erotic daydreams can become a reality. But Severine hates him, and the rest of the characters find him odd and uncomfortable. It is rooted in the way Husson speaks with such inner honesty, an obvious contrast to the bourgeoisie style of masks and etiquette. Such lone characters like Husson abound in **Bunuel's** films and it is through these people that **Bunuel** gives his own definition of surrealism. It is through them that he stresses the equal validity and harmony of the inner world of the mind with the outer world of action, fighting the religious stress on guilt and the social horror of selfishness and individuality. In Husson, director **Bunuel** gives Severine an invaluable guide against the years of conditioning to hide and hate her desires.

Once she begins to explore her daydreams with more ferocity, whether she does so in her head or in reality it is up for you to decided, Husson leaves the film for a while, to return when Severine has reached a new crisis point. She wants to start to incorporate her daydreaming with her reality, she wants to jump the last hurdle of imposed respectability and incorporate her heart's love of her husband with her body's desire for unhampered and brutal desire. Husson suddenly returns, full of honest assistance. Through him, director **Bunuel** has returned to direct Severine in reconciling the dreams he has helped her realize with the reality of her husband and their life together. **Bunuel** guides her with his reoccurring message - the acceptance of guilt-free passion, the acceptance of the daydream, the acceptance of the previously defined "taboo" into the love relationship. If Severine has the fear that her real passions will cripple her love of her husband permanently, **Bunuel** and Husson say no, share the daydream, the only crippling effect would be to keep the dream always separate. Director **Bunuel** fuses the story of Severine with his own obsession, his life's ambition, the slap in the face to anyone who has ever considered passion dirty.

EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE VHS

Oh mah gootness how Alyssa Milano has grown. Remember, she played obnoxious Tony Danza's daughter on the ABC-TV series *Who's The Boss*. Well now she's just a little older, a little wilder, and a lot more experienced in the benefits of silicone enhancement. With this straight to video release, stock prices are soaring at Dow Chemical thanks to Alyssa's bodacious ta-ta's.

Embrace of the Vampire is a goofy little b-picture, the kind that probably would have played the drive-in circuit down south 20 years ago to the hoots and catcalls of truckloads of trailer trash. But now, films like these go straight to video with no theatrical release, so the only time you get to rub elbows with the people who see this film is at the video store. Instead of standing in line at the snack bar for a footlong, you stand in line at your favorite video shop waiting for a goofy teenager to take your money. Ah well...

Obviously the film wants to cash in on the current vampire resurgence (i.e. Coppola's Dracula and Interview With the Vampire) and even though it gets off to a painfully slow start, stick with it 'cause soon you'll be knee deep in a story as sleazy and sexy as they come. In fact, I was most pleasantly surprised at how explicit, twisted and graphic this divine sleeper gets.

Alyssa is slowly transfixed in her dreams by a suspiciously hunky vampire, played expertly by

Martin Kemp, and when he finally succeeds in seducing our meatball princess, the fun really begins.

Alyssa plays a naive school girl named Charlotte who's hanging on to her virginal ways by a thread. She has the habit of lovingly caressing her body while she sleeps (no blankets!!), which is a fine habit to have, the poor girl just can't stop dreaming of our hunky bloodsucking horny vampire hero. Preoccupied to the point of distraction, **Alyssa** gets a chance to stretch her thespian wings with this meaty role. She pouts, she rolls her eyes, she flashes those pearly whites. Oh mah gootness!

The party really flows after **Alyssa** has been converted to a hissing, horny vampire (OOPS! I spoiled it) roaming around, humping up against anyone that gets in her way. In one outstanding scene that **Howard Stern** would straighten up for, **Alyssa** gets a chance to experiment with the joys of sappho satisfaction (spit when you say that), but unfortunately her vampire instincts get in the way of her sapphic desires and all is spoiled. Had the casting director hired **Nina Hartley** to play opposite **Alyssa**, things might've been different, but that's a side issue we'll deal with later. There's also a surreal sequence where a chemically-altered **Alyssa** stumbles around a room full of people locked into various sexual situations a la **Caligula**, it's cheesy but effective, much like this entire film.

Embrace of the Vampire is a vapid, grade B, fun filled schlock fest that is packed full of horny vampires, graven imagery and most of all, a whole lotta **Alyssa**. C'mon!!! Your VCR is screamin' for this one. (Starring: **Alyssa Milano**, **Jennifer Tilly**, **Martin Kemp**. Director: **Anne Goursaud**) ***--D. Wood--***

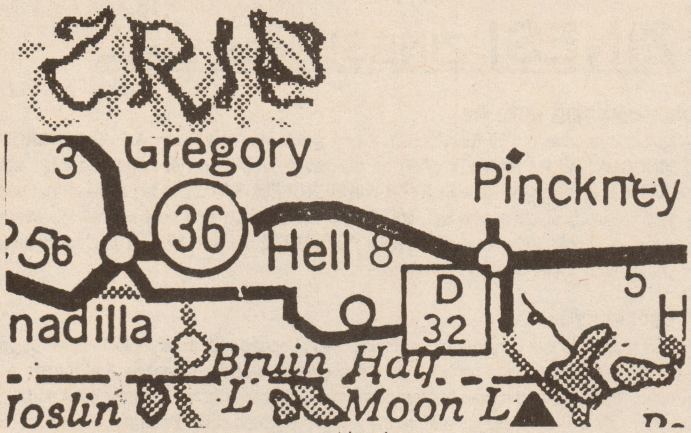
EMERGENCY BROADCAST NETWORK *Commercial Entertainment Product* VHS

With the upcoming annual barricading of oneself indoors, it may be time to stock up on brain sizzling appetizers to melt your video deck and your cerebral cortex on those days when you hole up inside with a bottle in one hand and a gun in the other. While not exactly the end all, this new half-hour video from the folks at **TVT Records** may be a reasonable place to start, trippy and all that.

The idea of taking tape snippets from broadcast media culture and accompanying them with pleasingly subversive dance tracks certainly isn't new (I've seen it done before and better), but that does not mean this tape is not without value, nosiree! The times I've viewed this doggie, both with the sound up and with my own musical selections serving as the canvas, were invigorating. Capable of leaping tall frustrations with millions of chartreuse-colored pixels, there are some very funny moments including clip #6, which is called "Behavior Modification/We Will Rock You." The latter portion features a cool twist where **George Bush** is singing the words to the **QUEEN** anthem to hilarious effect. Other media icons that serve as a focal point for the skewer include "Afghanistan" **Dan Rather**, who seems to pop up more than a few times spouting all kinds of wacky gibberish. Certainly adequate amounts of a lysergic come-along would probably increase your overall pleasure factor, but even without any chemical relaxers it's mostly okay. (**TVT Records**) ***--D. Wood--***

SPEED RACER: Welcome to the World of Vic Chesnutt VHS

It's quite an admirable feat to condense the methods, the means, the vision and the soul of a man in roughly 30 minutes. Filmmaker **Peter Sillen** deserves notability for capturing Athens, Georgia singer / songwriter **Vic Chesnutt** as a pure and simple man with a brilliant face value perception. The film offers a taste of **Chesnutt's** conception of songwriting through a series of short interviews, some in unassuming places (the opening scene has **Chesnutt** bathing in a tub whilst drawing on the walls with markers). **Chesnutt's** analogies are simple; he digests everything in his path to construct his songs. The film offers a small history of the singer through talks with his mother and wife (a great story by the latter on how they were married at a Dallas, TX gas station). The direction also goes into the studio for the making of a record overseen by none other than **Michael Stipe** (who I've gained new found respect for because of his care and arrangement of **Chestnutt's** product). **Chesnutt** shows a great sense of humor, making him come off as a likable guy. He takes the film maker on a roof top overlooking Athens. In his best pseudo-Italian mock accent, he points out favorite and personal historic locations in his life that makes this the high point of the film. There are emotional, bitter points as well, not focusing on the fact that **Chesnutt** is confined to a wheelchair (from a driving accident), but the hate towards the executives who broke his father's spirit as a result of a permanent lay-off of his father's airline job. The overall tone of the film is of the human spirit. After **Chestnutt's** accident, the account of his slow, rising control of his upper body muscles and constructing a customized pick to strap on his wrist for playing his guitar (he never gained full control of his hands). This is a solid film. The beauty is received from **Chesnutt**, subconsciously validating his existence and making amends with his disability, in other words, his disability doesn't get in the way. It's a spiritual, hopeful feeling that is achieved from **Speed Racer**. This is one of those films that I can't get enough of. (Purchase a copy from: **Dashboard Dog Pictures** PO Box 1215 Stuyvesant Station New York, New York 10009) ***--Bryan Ramirez--***



Where is HELL, anyway?

Hell is a much more pleasant place than I had imagined. Hell is a couple party stores, a restaurant and a campground full of bikers.

How do I know this? There was no near death experience, no spiritual vision, just a road trip to tie up a pleasant weekend. Did I mention that Hell is in Michigan?

By now, you're thinking *"What the hell is she talking about?!?!!"* In the south eastern area of the state, there's a little town called Hell.

Our trip began in Owosso, at the luxurious **Welcome Inn**. We stayed there after a wedding in Chesaning. We met our fellow **Inn** guests, **Jeff** and **Jen Pregenzer** and drove to downtown Owosso to find breakfast.

A giant cement cow told us where to eat, although I forgot the name. Inside we enjoyed much coffee and eggs, traded jam packets.

"Let's go to hell!" my traveling companion exclaimed in the parking lot. I was more than happy to join him on the blasphemous trip.

Hell was a pleasant drive. We did our best **Mike Hard** impressions. I watched the scenery, looking for signs of brimstone. The road to Hell was not paved with good intentions, but rather ordinary asphalt. In fact, there was a woody, curving road past lake cottages instead.

Hell is across a little creek (the river Styx?), and there sits the **Dam Site Inn**, a restaurant. From what I've read, it's a fine place for gathering strength and information, but we had no time (or hunger after the giant omelets in Owosso). And besides, shouldn't it be called the ***Damn Site***? We stopped at the **Hell's Creek Pizza & Party Store**.

Scary gothic letters adorned the signs, some embellished with flames. A board painted with a scene of the **Devil** carrying away a bell-bottomed, jeans-wearing sinner with head holes for the photo-opportunistic was in the parking lot. I heard the distant rumble of a **Harley**. Hell was full of **Hell's Angels**!

In the excitement of actually being in Hell, we forgot to even look at souvenirs. We did take lots of pictures (none, alas, in the **Devil's** board pose) and my traveling companion visited the well-appointed **Porta-John** in the parking lot.

Hell was actually kind of a let down. I'm afraid Owosso was more hellish than Hell. But still, I feel a calmness. I no longer fear death, because Hell is just a couple of party stores and some biker guys.

And hey, what a conversation starter for the week. *"Guess what I did last weekend? I went to Hell and back!"*

Elizabeth R. Barney

Half-Speed FANZINE

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ISSUE #1(Very few left!!!!): Interview w/WICKED MARAYA/show review of CYCLONE TEMPLE/WICKED MARAYA & WIDOWMAKER/RAILROAD RECORDS reviews and features/other features include: KAREN KENEDY(CO)/MONOLITH(NY)/WORLD IN PAIN(CA)/MASSACRE RECORDS(CA)/CARNAGE ASADA(CA)/SINNER STEEL(NY)/MANIAC SPIDER TRASH(NC)/NAKED LUNCH (MI)/MASS EXHIBIT(Formerly EXHIBIT-A)(MA)/GOLGOTHA/DOWNTIDE/CLEAR PHOTOS,18 pages. MARCH 1995 $1.00 or 3-32¢ stamps(U.S.) $2.00 or 2 I.R.C.s (ELSE)

ISSUE #2(JUNE 1995): Interviews: IRON RAINBOW/DROSS and LEVIATHAN REC. recording artist JOE STUMP. Features: SHADOW PLAY(NC)/RHENIUM(NC)/LEVIATHAN RECORDS ARTISTS: CHASTAIN,JOE STUMP,STYGIAN/Video reviews/11 reviews from "The Dusty Vault"(Early 80's demos/LPs)/DROWN(Elektra Rec.)/Deus-Ex-Machina/Florida's BONE HELMET & ALEXIS MACHINE/CLAWFINGER(Metal Blade Rec.)/PAVEMENT MUSIC ARTISTS: ACCEPT,SCARECROW/CENTURY MEDIA RECORDS REVIEWS and features/RAMROD(Ex-Leige Lord and Anvil members)/KILLERS(w/Paul DiAnno)/Australian power-progressive metal gods VAUXDVIHL(pronounced Vaudeville). 33 record/demo reviews. 20+pages w/clear photos,news and playlists. ONLY $1.00 or 3-32¢ stamps(U.S.) $2.00 or 2 I.R.C.s(ELSE)

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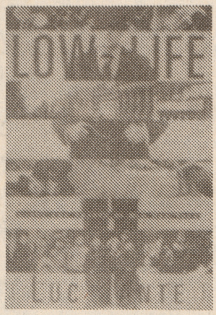

LOWLIFE *Luc Sante* **412 pages**
$14.00 Vintage Books New York

This is the paperback edition of a book released a couple of years ago in hardcover. **Lowlife** deals with what one could term the "unwritten" or "unofficial" history of New York City during the 19th century, particularly the period during and after the Civil War. Since this is by far my favorite era of American history, I'd be inclined to like almost anything shedding new light on the subject, but **Sante** has written a fascinating and engaging book that is guaranteed to dispel some closely held notions about the "good old days." As suggested by its title, **Lowlife** focuses not on the Great Men of the day, but rather the poor, hungry, starving masses yearning to break free within the (not yet five) boroughs. He covers this material by topic, devoting a chapter each to gangs, prostitution, theater, etc. Those who suffer under the illusion that gangs are exclusively a modern day blight need only read about the **Bowery Boys**, the **Dead Rabbits**, the various **Five Points** gangs, etc. to discover how wrong they are. Fact is, these gangs not only wreaked havoc and violence upon their community (The Draft Riots of the 1860s made the **Rodney King** riots look like a hootenanny in comparison), but were intrinsically interwoven into the political structure of the day, functioning almost as private (albeit highly chaotic and unpredictable) armies for the various "warlord" politicians of the day. Heroin was the drug of choice among many lower class New Yorkers; why they even wrote songs about it (must have been a lot of 19th century **Johnny Thunders'** running around). Prostitution of all stripes was rampant, with "special" houses servicing particularly unique needs, such as a hankerin" for little boys dressed and made up like little girls. The majority of the city's residents lived in absolute squalor, piled one on top of the other in ramshackle tenements (of particular interest is a place called "the Old Brewery," which was home to hundreds of down and out New Yorkers in the mid-19th century, a place so fearsome that police refused to enter). Not a very pretty picture.

Sante does this for at least a couple of reasons. He wants to paint a more accurate picture of what life was like for the average New Yorker during that time. In this, he succeeds, as one gets a vivid portrayal of the horrors of life in the big city in a time of such rapid social and technological change. By doing this, I think he achieves what I would assume would be a secondary purpose (beyond setting the historical record straight), that is to show those of us in the late 20th century that, as bad as life can be, it can always be worse. One commonly hears how things were safer, more genteel, or plain better in the relatively recent past. This book demonstrates clearly that this was never the case. As hard as the poor have it in America in 1995, there is no comparison with what a similarly situated person suffered in 1875. If one listens at all to the omnipresent media today, one could be left with the impression that our social ills have never been graver, that the sky might indeed be falling. **Lowlife** should prove these types of hysterical "observations" to be the grandiose overstatements they certainly are. Drugs, crime, prostitution, deviant sexuality, corruption, and almost any other vice you can think of have been with us far longer than even this nation has existed. That's not to suggest they should be ignored, just that it might be useful to gain some historical perspective on our national dilemmas. **Lowlife** gives its readers the opportunity to do so. *C. Fuller*

ZINES! ZINES! ZINES! ZINES! ZINES!

BANANA PEEL BUZZ #18
Quick little 'zine out of Maryland that has quick interviews with **AC**, **QUICKSAND**, **SINCOLA** and **PJ HARVEY** (???) on the cover. Album reviews, release info., etc. Writing is to the point. Nice **SLAYER** and **MERCYFUL FATE** concert reviews that help lose its "toy boy" obsession with **Ms. PJ** that we all know and deal with all too well in our area. Looks to be free. (**BANANA PEEL BUZZ** c/o **Karl Hill** 7702 Carissa Lane Laurel, MD 20707-3643) *Bryan Ramirez.*

EMPTY SKY #0
This magazine is a very intense and thick read. Loaded with poetry, block-styled plays, forms of scriptures, and comics. Its the overall tone of the magazine that makes it a curio. What I see is a man beaten down into submission from humanity itself and this is his outlet. I can't help but admire the works presented considering the writer puts his heart on the line and is very honest. There's no fun and games going on, this is a very serious psychological read. Great **Morley-esque** cover art. Be prepared. (**EMPTY SKY** c/o **Erik Reuland** 36009 Orangelawn Livonia, MI 48150) *Bryan Ramirez.*

FERLBAHOO #1
Excellent debut of a K-zoo comics journal. Few articles, lots of reviews and lots of indie artists (most of them) showing true genius capabilities. Artists should take note that this paper is open to submissions, so here's your chance. (**The Comic Works** 1414 Portage St. Kalamazoo, MI) *Bryan Ramirez.*

GLASS EYE August '95
Free, straightforward rag which seems to cover the nearly nonexistent Toledo scene and manages to cover all the bases, including dance, hip hop and metal. Unfortunately, not much happens in Toledo worth writing about but with 60+ pages to fill, **GLASS EYE** somehow manages to retain the reader's interest with articles on **ACCEPT** (?!) and local up-and-comers **IVY AND THE WEEDS** (neither of which are that interesting). Sorely missing here is any mention of Toledo's high brow cultural options (most notably Toledo's impressive [albeit small] Museum of Art). (**GLASS EYE** PO Box 2507 Toledo, OH 43606) *Pants Mulligan.*

.PAIN GATE Magazine #2
Wayne Klinger's Xeroxed fanzine outta Danville, PA. Much of this is just reprinting the press kits he gets from **Century Media**, **Metal Blade**, et. al. Lazy. (**Wretched Productions** PO Box 264 Danville, PA 17821) *D. Wood.*

THE SQUEALER #5
This indie mag out of Minneapolis is excellent. A great amount of diverse articles in the non-fiction vein. Great **El-Vez** tour diary and the best **Bob Stinson** eulogy/interview I have read since his death. This is stuff that deserves your full-blown attention. The writing is top-notch. My hat's off to you all. Eight issue subscription for $20.00. (**THE SQUEALER** c/o **Midwest Music Collective** PO Box 8411 Minneapolis, MN 55408) *Bryan Ramirez.*

STEWIE #3
This comic deals with a large-headed, chrome-headed fella named **Stewie** and his intense rise to that shit alternative rock fame. Y'know, rabid fans, **Stewie** products, talk shows and the like. Total dreamworld scenario going on with simplistic drawings make this worthwhile with its going story line. You gotta love indie comics. **STEWIE** is great. Who is to argue that $2.00 will score you #'s 1-3. (**STEWIE** c/o **Leon Chase** 211 Ballard #2 Ypsilanti, MI 48197) *Bryan Ramirez.*

WRETCHED CORPSE NEWSLETTER #6
Wow, total death metal info-mag that I sure do dig. No interviews, some demo reviews, it just lets you know what is out there. The best thing is, you can write these bands and get cheap stuff from them. Simple, cool, and it's fucking death metal! One year subscription for $10.00. (**Wretched Productions** c/o **Wayne Klinger** PO Box 264 Danville, PA 17821) *Bryan Ramirez.*

DANG

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SHOWS

October 16th
MACHINE HEAD / STUCK MOJO *Reptile House* Grand Rapids

October 17th
MACHINE HEAD / STUCK MOJO *St. Andrew's Hall* Detroit
STRESS MAGNETS *The Miami* Detroit

October 18th
THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK *The Reptile House* Grand Rapids
THE QUEERS / THE TEEN IDOLS / GRUMPY JOHN *The Shelter* Detroit
BIG BLUE COUCH / HARMS WAY / DYE #9 *Rockhouse* Lansing
Rounder 25th Anniversary BLUEGRASS TOUR featuring **J.D. CROWE & THE NEW SOUTH LAURIE LEWIS & GRANT STREET / THE DEL McCOURY BAND** *The Ark* Ann Arbor

October 19th
DICK DALE *The Majestic Theatre* Detroit

October 20th
DOA *I-Rock* Detroit
WIRED MASSES / CHISEL *Paycheck's Lounge* Hamtramck
GOD STREET WINE *Blind Pig* Ann Arbor
Paul Einhouse & Bob Zabor *Planet Ant Coffee House* Hamtramck
Simon Bonney / THE VOLEBEATS *7th House Pontiac*

October 21st
THE MENTORS *I-Rock Nightclub* Detroit
BUFFALO TOM / JENNIFER TRYNIN & THE INBREDS *St. Andrew's Hall* Detroit
WILLYS *New Way Bar* Ferndale
SAN FRANCISCO SEALS / Chris Knox *7th House* Pontiac
HOARSE / WATERSHED / FEISTY CADAVERS PLAIN / EXPOSERS / LITTLE JOHN *The Foundary* Detroit

October 22nd
RANCID / LUNACHICKS / SKOLARS *State Theatre* Detroit
OCTOBER PROJECT *St. Andrew's Hall* Detroit

October 23rd
VIC CHESTNUTT / FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ *Blind Pig* Ann Arbor

October 24th
COMBUSTIBLE EDISON *The Shelter* Detroit

October 25th
MOTOR DOLLS *Small Planet* East Lansing

STONE MARY / DRIP / WORKHORSE *Rockhouse* Lansing

October 27th
VOODOO GLOW SKULLS / SHLONG *St. Andrew's Hall* Detroit

October 28th
PENNYWISE / THE JOYKILLER *St. Andrew's Hall* Detroit
GWAR / NEUROSIS *Harpo's* Detroit
HEATHER NOVA / BEN FOLDS FIVE *7th House* Pontiac

****** November 1st ******
ETCH MAGAZINE NIGHT *Rockhouse* Lansing w/ Hoarse, The Chinese Millionaires, Sea Monsters

November 4th
SKUNK ANANSIE *The Shelter* Detroit

November 5th
SKUNK ANANSIE *The Reptile House* Grand Rapids

RELEASES

October 17th
GARDEN VARIETY *Knocking the Skill Level* CD/CS **(Cargo Records)**

October 24th
BRUCE GILBERT 7" **(Sub Pop)** ** **WIRE** founder's new project.
THE MAGNETIC FIELDS *Get Lost* CD **(Merge)**
REDD KROSS ***Neurotica*** CD **(Sub Pop)** ***reissue
SPIRITUALIZED 7" **(Sub Pop)**
STEREOLAB *Refried Ectoplasm (Switched On Vol. 2)* CD 2xLP **(Drag City)**
SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE LP/CD **(Sub Pop)**

October 25th
BARE MINIMUM CD/LP **(RX Remedy)**

October 30th
BARDO POND ***Big Laughing Jym*** LP/CD **(Compulsiv)**
BUZZ HUNGRY ***At the Hands of Our Intercessors*** LP/CD **(Compulsiv)**
FAUCET ***Self/Titled*** LP/CD **(Southern Records)**

November 7th
DAMON & NAOMI ***The Wondrous World Of Damon and Naomi*** CD **(Sub Pop)**
DIMMER 7" **(Sub Pop)** Ex-**STRAIGHTJACKET FITS**
LES THUGS LP/CD ** Import only; exclusively through **Sub Pop** mail order.
PLEXI 7" **(Sub Pop)**

November 10th
THE RED STARS THEORY 7" **(RX Remedy)**
WELCOME 7" **(RX Remedy)**
THE WEST SECTION LINE 7" **(RX Remedy)**

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Anthology #2 comic book $1.45

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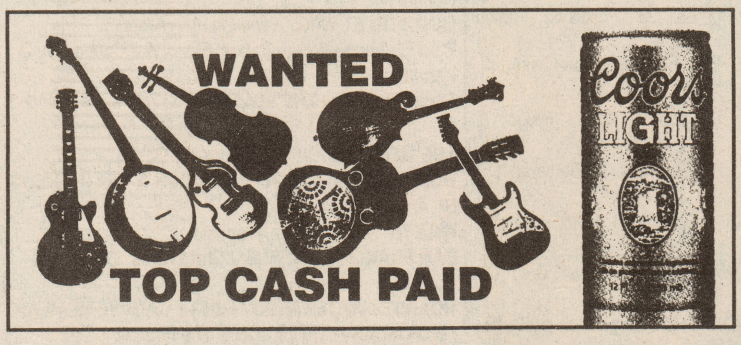

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